

The Surface Season 1

by The Ben Who Must Not Be Named

Category: Undertale

Genre: Drama, Family

Language: English

Characters: Flowey, Frisk, Sans

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 21:45:27

Updated: 2016-04-23 05:57:19

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:25:57

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 28,191

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Monsters have reached the surface after countless years of waiting. The monsters integrate back into human society. Follow our favorite characters who try to situate themselves back into the human society with the help of Frisk and some new human friends.

1. Prologue: Home

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Undertale or much of the plots I use.**

****Ben's Note of Sheer Awesome:** So I blame PTA Sans for this, but I finally decided to get involved in the Undertale Fandom. I figured that I could do something that could expound upon the characters we know and love. This is the end of the pacifist run and right when Frisk frees everyone from the barrier. I have a few things I want to mention before we get to into it.**

****1.** Frisk, in this universe, is a ****_**girl**_****. I won't hear cheese about misgendering or that she's gender neutral. She's gender ****_**interpretive. **_****You decide the character's gender, and therefore, I think she's a girl. Frisk is a girl, Kid (Monster Kid) is a boy, and Chara is a girl. I feel as though I should also mention that Napstablook is a boy and Mettaton is naturally a girl but has been transgendered robot wise into a boy. (Keep in mind Mettaton still ****_**acts **_**like a girl, but I will refer to him as a he.)** I feel as though I need to come flat out and say the genders I'm using in this fic.**

****2.** Frisk can't speak, she can only sign. Whenever I use ' ' then that'll be Frisk 'talking'. I understand it might not be accurate with canon, but I've always believed Frisk couldn't speak. Besides, I think it makes her more adorable. (Also, the reason everyone can understand Frisk's sign language is because Grillby also signs.)**

****3.** This isn't just Sans based. This story is about the monsters getting adjusted on the surface. It could range from Frisk adjusting back with humans or about how Undyne adjusts to being non-violent (mostly). (PTA Sans ****_**will **_**be** involved, mind you, just not the main attraction.)******

****4.** Toriel is Frisk's mom, yes. However, Sans is ****_**not **_**the** father. If anything, he's more of Frisk's uncle. Same with Papyrus. Undyne, Alphys, and Mettaton are Frisk's aunts. Asgore will be the father eventually, since the main characters will be living with each other. (Also, while I may openly ship Sans/Frisk, for this fic, that's not happening. It'd be a bit weird considering where I'm going with this fic.)******

****5.** Contrary to most other stories, ****_**Flowey**_**** goes to the surface too. He's under probation and under constant watch from Frisk, but Flowey's there. I just thought I'd make myself perfectly clear. (If you've watched the fanmade fight between Flowey as a flower, then consider it kind of like that.)******

****I** think that's everything for now. I hope you guys enjoy this wonderful journey with me!******

Prologue: Home

"Soâ€¦ would you like to come live with me?" Toriel said.

It had been a long day for the young Frisk. She had not only beaten Asriel with her words, but she also managed to break the barrier and let her new monster friends pass through the barrier they were trapped behind for a millennia. After agreeing to be the monsters' ambassador, Frisk was approached by Toriel with the offer to live with her.

Frisk stared up at Toriel, a smile on the young girl's face. 'I want to live with mom,' she signed, making Toriel blush.

"Then you shall, my child," Toriel said, picking up Frisk in one giant swoop.

'But you have to promise me something!'

"Anything, my young Frisk."

'Daddy lives with us too!'

Toriel blushed, looking downward. "I'm sorry Friskâ€¦ but I will not associate myself with that _filth_. He hurt me dearlyâ€¦ and I cannotâ€¦"

'People change momma!'

Toriel looked at Frisk, a small tear exiting her eye. "You're right, my dear," Toriel sighed. "Maybeâ€¦ maybe it's time I give Gorey another chanceâ€¦"

'Yay! Can Uncle Sans and the Great Papyrus live with us too?'

"Um, hold on Friskâ€¦"

"WHAT IS THIS ABOUT LIVING WITH THE GREAT PAPYRUS?!" Papyrus said, returning to the area Frisk and Toriel were. He had a giant smile on his face. "I THINK LIVING WITH MY FIRST HUMAN FRIEND FRISK WOULD BE A WONDERFUL IDEA!"

"H-h-h-h-hold on," Toriel blushed.

"Hey, punk!" Undyne said, holding up her spear menacingly as she approached Frisk. "You forget about me?"

'Can Undyne live with us too, mommy? Alphys too!'

"I w-w-w-wouldn't mind," Alphys said timidly from behind Undyne. "I could always f-f-f-f-fix Mettaton up a little more and he can live with usâ€¦"

'Yeah! Please mommy?'

"Frisk, Iâ€¦"

"Come on Tori," Sans said, suddenly appearing behind her. "What's the worst that could happen?"

Toriel looked at all of Frisk's friends. Then, she spotted Asgore standing not too far away from them, giving her a sad and remembering smile. In his handsâ€¦ was a flower pot with a golden flower creature inside of it. Toriel stared at the flowerâ€¦ and tears welled in her eyes.

"Ok," she said. "We'll all live together. We're all a family. We can't be separated."

(A Few Months Laterâ€¦)

It had been rough, integrating the monsters back into human society. Frisk couldn't say that it went completely smooth. Having a seven year old girl communicating to the leaders of the world was seen as more of a joke than anything. However, they began to take Frisk a bit more seriously when she brought in Flowey.

"Listen, I'm just a flower. I have no say in your decision," Flowey had said sweetly. "But listen close and listen well. In this world, it'd kill or be killed. You don't listen to what she has to sayâ€¦ and she'll let me loose. And the last time I was loose, I was a giant creature who bugged out the game I was originally in and basically freaked out every player who watched me turn into a massive freak of death and destruction. We wouldn't want _that _happening, now do we?"

Suffice it to say, the leaders listened to Frisk after that.

Frisk had managed to convince them to allow monsters to live in modern day society everywhere in the world. No monster nor human would be harmed. They would live in harmony, so long as the humans did not attack the monsters and vice versa. The leaders agreed, under the condition that the monsters agreed to abide by all laws as the humans do.

With the rules set in stone, each monster went off to explore the new world around them. All except for Frisk's family, as she now referred

to them as. The nine of them decided to settle in a small community, in one giant house. When they showed up to look it over the first day, they all knewâ€|

â€|it was perfect.

It was a three story house, one upstairs and a basement. There was a main living room, a giant kitchen and dining room (which Toriel was pleased with), and several bedrooms. It had a basketball hoop in the driveway (much to the pleasure of Undyne and Papyrus) and a giant backyard meant for gardening (much to the pleasure of Asgore).

The only one who had an issue with the house was Mettaton. "Darling, this house is cramping my style," Mettaton had said as they toured it. "Stars like me live big for the mansions, the glory, the fame! Thisâ€|_humble _home is much too small!"

"H-h-h-h-h-hey Mettaton! I f-f-f-f-found some s-s-s-s-sort of studio in the basement!" Alphys called.

"How much is this lovely home sweetheart?"

Once they had paid for the house (Frisk had managed to help set up a system of converting gold into human money), the nine family members all moved in. Toriel, Undyne, and Papyrus each took a room on the main floor, Toriel and Undyne being close to the kitchen and Papyrus in a room without windows. Frisk and Sans both had a room upstairs, Sans making sure his room locked. Alphys, Mettaton, and Asgore all took the basement, Mettaton practically living in his studio and Alphys making a make-shift lab for her experiments.

The main issue was Flowey. No one really wanted to room with him, but that didn't really amount to much, since Flowey himself didn't really want to talk to anyone but Frisk and Papyrus. They also didn't want to risk him taking over the surface with his 'kill or be killed' mind-set. Finally, Alphys decided to make one of the basement rooms escape proof, turning it into a make-shift prison. Flowey could still get sunlight to sustain himself, but he'd be on one side of unescapable glass behind a bolted metal door. If Papyrus or Frisk wanted to talk to him, they could go inside, but there was no way for them to let Flowey out.

Most of the others were opposed to this ideaâ€| except for Flowey himself. "I _remember _the feelings I've felt beforeâ€| but I can't _hold on _to them," Flowey had said. "I'll try to keep controlâ€| but it's best I'm locked up. No point in trusting myself right now, right?"

So it was agreed and Alphys set it up. Once Flowey was secure, Alphys had reassured everyone that if Flowey was reformed at one point and he did indeed trust himself to behave, she had integrated a device that would release Flowey. However, it was to only be used in emergencies, so Alphys kept the release mechanism hidden away in a spot that only she knew, just in case Flowey decided to sweet talk someone to try and let him out. (All eyes had gone to Papyrus, who had scowled and said, "WHAT? THE GREAT PAPYRUS WOULD NEVER FALL FOOL TO SWEET TALKRY!")

Once everyone had settled in, something had dawned on them. They were on the Surface. Their dream was truly complete. But they also knew

something else. The only reason the dream was completeâ€|
â€|was because they had a family to share their dream with.

****BN:** So there you have it! This was mostly just the introduction to the story, since I kind of needed some footing to launch off of. I figured I should establish a few things before I began the real story, like Flowey being detained for the most part and Asgore being 'on trial' so to speak. The way I plan on doing this is to make this in an episodic kind of story. Each episode (more often than not split into two parts) will follow one or more of the main characters as they adjust to Surface life. There ****_**will **_**be** a plot to this (eventually) but this is mostly for funny entertainment. So, if you have something in an episode you want to see, feel free to let me know! The first two episodes are planned, but after that, I'm open for suggestions you guys want to see these guys do!******

****Like? Hate? Meh? Let me know via review!****

****Next Time: ****After living in the house for a few days, the monsters decide it's high time they all find jobs. All except for Sans, who babysits Frisk for the day while Toriel tries to get Frisk enrolled in school. Hilarity ensues with our favorite characters... but also some seriousness.

2. Episode 1: Work Day-Part 1

****Disclaimer: I own nothing.****

****Ben's Note of Sheer Awesome:** Hey guys! So I wanted to kind of start this story off with a funny/serious episode, so I decided to have everyone go off looking for jobs! This will be a two part episode, just so we're clear. It's not a set character episode, so you get to enjoy everyone this time around! I hope you guys enjoy!******

****EAH HG GEEK:** You kind of unintentionally inspired me to write this you know. Thanks for that. :) To answer your question, yes, I did cry at the 'death' of Asriel. It really did make me sad that Asriel didn't go to the surface with the others, even if he did revert back to Flowey. Another reason I'm kind of doing this.******

Episode 1: Work Day-Part 1

Sans always was one to laze about with nothing to do. He was like that down in the Underground, and he didn't see why he couldn't be like that on the Surface. So, that's exactly what he did since the day he got to the surface. Absolutely nothing.

When Toriel and the others started to import things from the Underground to make things more like home, Sans laid down on a couch and watched everyone do it. He even watched them carry his couch in _with him on it _and set it in the main living room by the window. He watched them carry things up the wooden staircase not too far from the front door and he watched Asgore bring a few plants to the back of the house. Sans didn't lift a finger, and he liked it that way.

So, a few days after moving in, still not having moved from his spot, Sans was surprised when Toriel approached him with a job to do. "Do

you mind watching Frisk for the afternoon?" Toriel asked him.

"I can keep an _eye-socket _open for her," Sans winked, "but you know I'd much rather sleep on this couch."

"And that's why I'm asking you," Toriel said. "You're the only one not going out today, so I figured you could keep an eye on Frisk."

"I'm a _lazy bones _alright," Sans chuckled. "Fine, I'll watch the kid. Where are you going, anyway?"

"To do work, something you can't _limb-er _up for," Toriel winked. "I'm going to try and get a teaching job at a near-by school. I also want to see if I can still register Frisk for this year."

"Sounds like a _goat _time," Sans said, making Toriel chuckle. "Asgore going with you?"

"Sans!" Toriel said, blushing. "We are officially together again. We're only living together because Frisk wanted us too."

"Ah, you didn't want to live with all your friends? That wounds my heartâ€¦ that I don't have, because that's a muscle and I'm a skeleton," Sans smirked.

Toriel rolled her eyes. "No, Gorey and I are _not _going together. Now if you'll excuse meâ€¦"

A farting sound could be heard as Sans subtly set off a whoopee cushion. "You're excused," Sans said.

Toriel rolled her eyes playfully and left the house. Sans shut his eye sockets when he heard a few loud crashes. Sans opened his eyes and saw Papyrus was tumbling down the stairs, finally landing on his head. "OUCHIE!" Papyrus groaned. "I WILL NOT TOLERATE SUCH ANNOYING STAIRS!"

"Whoa there, _stairdy _yourself," Sans said. "Why were you upstairs anyway? Isn't your room down here?"

"I WAS JUST TELLING YOUNG FRISK TO BEHAVEâ€¦ THEN I REALIZED THAT I SHOULD BE TELLING YOU THAT!" Papyrus said flatly.

"Take a _step _back," Sans chuckled. "I'll behave, promise."

"STOP THOSE BLASTED JOKES AND I'LL BELIEVE YOU!" Papyrus said flatly, heading for the door.

"What _case _of work are you going to _tumble _into today?" Sans asked.

"STOP IT! FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I'M GOING TO BE THE CAPTAIN OF THE-

"Come _on _Papyrus!" Undyne groaned, walking into the room. "We're disbanded! Get _over _it!"

"Feeling a little _fishy _Undyne?" Sans asked.

"Haha, not funny," Undyne snarled. "Don't bug me with calls today, alright? I tried getting an interview with, like, twenty different gyms. I lost it every time except once, and that one time the guy on the other end lost it. I don't want to blow this interview, SO DON'T INTERRUPT ME!"

"DO NOT FRET UNDYNE! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL LEAVE MY PHONE HERE!" Papyrus said, tossing his cell phone to Sans. "DON'T GO LOSING THAT! I HAVE A GOOD PLAN FOR THAT PHONE!"

"I'll be sure to _dial _back on messing with it," Sans winked.

"GAH! I WILL NOT STAND FOR THIS!" Papyrus said and left the house.

"Ditto," Undyne said flatly and followed after Papyrus. Once outside, Undyne glanced at Papyrus. "You never mentioned where you were going."

"OH, RIGHT! I'M GOING TO BE THE CAPTAIN OF THE CHEFS!" Papyrus said with a giant grin. "I JUST HOPE A COOKING TEST ISN'T INVOLVED!"

"Yeahâ€¦ good luck Papyrus," Undyne said, rolling her eyes as she started to walk off.

Papyrus stared at the road in front of him. "YOU KNOWâ€¦ WE REALLY SHOULD GET SOME CARS WHEN WE HAVE SOME MONEY!" Papyrus said to himself as he began walking in the opposite direction.

Sans, meanwhile, was just barely shutting his eye sockets again when Alphys came up out of the basement, looking nervous. "You going to _shake _out of here too?" Sans asked.

"H-h-h-h-huh?! Oh, h-h-h-hey Sans," Alphys said, sighing. "I w-w-w-was going to g-g-g-go get an interview with a scientific l-l-l-laboratory near here."

"Really? Going to _hypothesize _how this will go?" Sans asked.

"I'm hoping they'll l-l-l-let me stay," Alphys said with a small smile. "I h-h-h-h-have so much to o-o-o-o-offer to the humans."

Sans nodded with a light smile. "I wish you a _logical _outcome," Sans said. Alphys nodded nervously and quickly left the house. Sans didn't even bother to shut his eyes this time when he noticed Asgore come up. "You too?"

"Sans," Asgore nodded. "I wanted to go take a nice walk outside. Enjoy the sun on my face, the feeling of the Surface. Think about life and things."

"Well, _ponder _away," Sans nodded. Asgore nodded and walked out the door. Sans waited a few more seconds before sighing. "Blind me with your _shining star_dom," Sans said.

"I knew you wanted it darling!" Mettaton giggled, coming into the living room. "You sure you'll be fine watching Frisk?"

"She's a _bright _little girl who _shines _probably more than you,"

Sans shrugged. "Let me guess, you're going to go find an acting job?"

"I _am _a star darling," Mettaton giggled. "Farewell for now! I shall return with fame and fortune!"

Sans rolled his eye sockets as Mettaton left. He shut his sockets again for a few minutes until he felt a tugging on Sans' shoulder. Sans opened one eye and saw Frisk standing there, smiling. "How you doing kid?" Sans asked with a small smile.

'Can we explore the town?' Frisk signed to him.

"Why would you want to do that?" Sans asked. "Why not just relax and chill?"

'Because I don't want to do it alone,' Frisk signed. 'It's scary being in a new placeâ€|'

Sane looked at Frisk carefully before offering her a small smile. "Alright, we can go exploring," Sans said, reluctantly getting to his feet. "But firstâ€| I have somewhere I want to go. Just a hunch."

(Toriel)

Toriel was standing in front of a giant elementary school, made of red bricks and seemed slightly old fashioned. The name of it was on gold plating right above the entrance. "SCHOOL: HOME OF THE BOOK WORMS"

"These guys must be at bad at naming things as Asgore," Toriel said, shaking her head as she walked inside. The entrance was wide as she walked in. She looked around and spotted the office not too far from the main entrance.

Toriel was about to walk to it when she felt something grip her leg. She looked down and saw a small child holding onto her with a smile on their face. "Well, hello little one," she said with a smile.

"You're big!" the child giggled. "You feel like momma!"

Toriel smiled sweetly at the child. "I'm flattered you think so," Toriel said. "Do you mind letting go, little one? I have to go speak to your principal."

The child did as instructed, but cocked his head. "You mean Mr. Friendly?" the kid asked. He pouted a little bit. "I don't like him very muchâ€|"

Toriel cocked her head. "Why's that dear?" she asked.

"Because heâ€|"

"Tony! Get away from that thing!" came a woman's voice. Toriel's head turned to see a young woman with long blonde hair saunter up to her. She roughly grabbed Tony's hand and glared at Toriel. "You're frightening the children. Get out," she hissed.

"I'm afraid I can't do that," Toriel said. "I have a job interview here and I have to register my young girl here."

The women sneered. "Probably some monster scum," she spat. "I hope you get fired before you're hired."

The lady stomped off, taking the reluctant Tony with her. Toriel frowned, quite honestly appalled by how the woman had treated her. Toriel turned to the office and made her way inside. It was a cozy little room, a small desk in the center. A young woman, Mrs. Kind, her tag read, was talking to a black haired man with a beard and glasses. When the man noticed Toriel, he smiled kindly.

"Good morning," he said to her. The women turned around, and when she saw Toriel, she smiled too. "You are Toriel, correct?"

"Yes, that's right. I came to register my little girl and for an interview," Toriel said.

"Ah, I can resgister your girl," Mrs. Kind said. "Madeline Kind, secretary. I can get a few of the forms ready for you to fill out."

"And I'm the Vice Principal, John Kind," the man said, shaking Toriel's hand with a smile. "I can interview you if you'd like."

"You will do no such thing," came a stern voice. Everyone's eyes turned to a man with blonde hair and a smug look on his face. He was wearing a golden suit and was smoking a cigar. "That beast would only scare the children, not to mention that monstrous child she has!"

"Mr. Friendly, please, be respectful," Mr. Kind said.

"Respectful? Those #\$\$ monsters are going to kill us all, and you want me to respect her?" Mr. Friendly spat. "I'm afraid there's no job for you here, whatever you are. And your little brat child isn't welcome here either."

"I'll have you know that my child is a human, like yourself," Toriel said, slightly hurt by the man's words.

"Fine, the brat can come here. But you are never allowed to step foot on school grounds," Mr. Friendly snarled. Mr. Friendly disappeared back into his office. Mr. and Mrs. Kind looked at Toriel apologetically.

"Sorry you had to hear that," Mrs. Kind said. "Some of the teachers here are kind ofâ€¦ how do I say it nicelyâ€¦ monster racists. I personally find it disgusting that people like Mr. Friendly have to be so rude."

"I agree," Mr. Kind sighed. "I would totally give you a chance, Missâ€¦"

"Toriel," Toriel sighed. "And I understand. Integrating into the human society isn't easy on us, and I bet it isn't easy on you. Sorry to be trouble for you."

"You aren't trouble at all," Mr. Kind smiled. "Here, we'll help you fill out the paperwork for your daughter and then we'll be sure she gets the proper teacher."

(Papyrus)

"ALRIGHT! FIRST DAY OUT IN THE WORKING COMMUNITY AND I HAVE TO FIND MYSELF A JOB!" Papyrus said to himself. He had been wandering around for quite some time, wandering the big city that they lived near. He had found a bunch of random opportunities, but none of them suited his tastes.

Papyrus hummed to himself as he walked along. Without the Royal Guard, he didn't really have a dream he wanted to accomplish on the Surface. That didn't get him down though. Papyrus always looked for an opportunity to make him a better skeleton, and that gave him determination.

"Hey, skinny bones!" came a loud voice. Papyrus turned to see a round man with a darker skin tone was looking at him. He had greyish black hair on the sides of his head, otherwise being bald. He had on a pair of reading glasses. He was squinting at Papyrus carefully. "Who might you be?"

"I BE THE GREAT PAPYRUS!" Papyrus said, walking over to the man. "I'M QUITE BIG IN THE MONSTER WORLD! I USED TO TRAIN TO BE THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD!"

"Really now," the man chuckled. "The name's York. York Tolp. I run this newspaper stand," he said, gesturing to the stand full of newspapers behind him. "I noticed you walking by and figured you were new here."

"WOWIE! A HUMAN FIGURED OUT HOW NEW I AM TO THE SURFACE!" Papyrus smiled.

"Not hard to figure out Papyrus," York shrugged. "Monsters _are _reintegrating into society. Doesn't take a genius to put two and two together."

"GOOD, BECAUSE I MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE A BRAIN! MY BROTHER SANS SAYS WE DON'T, BUT I'M NOT ALL TOO SURE ABOUT THAT!" Papyrus said. "SAY HUMAN, DO YOU KNOW WHERE I MIGHT FIND A JOB?"

"A job, eh? Well, I _do _hire volunteer workers for this stand," York shrugged. "I don't really _pay _volunteers, so that might not quite be what you're looking for."

"FEAR NOT YORK! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WOULD LOVE TO HELP YOU OUT! EVEN IF I _DON'T _GET PAID!" Papyrus declared.

York smiled. "Sounds good to me," he said, walking over to the stand. "Say, maybe we can make a little deal. If you deliver papers, I'll give you a free one. Maybe you could find a job in the Help Wanted Ads while you work for me."

"REALLY? WOWIE! YOU'RE AS NICE AS MY OTHER HUMAN FRIEND, FRISK!" Papyrus smiled and followed York to his stand.

(Alphys)

Alphys fidgeted as she uncomfortably made her way toward an office she was designated to go to. She was wearing her lab coat as she nervously knocked on the door. When she heard the words, "Come in," Alphys nodded to herself and walked inside.

Upon entering, Alphys noticed that the office was mostly empty. The walls were painted light green and there was a window on the far wall, showing that they were indeed high up. There was a single desk in the room with a computer and neatly stacked papers. Sitting at the desk was a young man with brown hair. He wore a grey suit and a slender brown tie.

The man noticed Alphys come in and he nodded. "Welcome to NAIL Industries, the biggest production company of all things revolutionary," he said in complete monotone. "My name is Neil. I'm the head of this company. How may I help you?"

"I'm A-A-A-A-Alphys," Alphys stuttered. "I c-c-c-came here for an interviewâ€¦"

"Oh," Neil said, still speaking in monotone. "You're the monster who wanted to speak, yes?"

"That's r-r-r-r-right!"

Neil nodded slowly. "Very well," he said. He gestured Alphys to shut the door, which she did. Neil walked over and shut the blinds. Once the room was isolated, Neil sat downâ€¦

â€¦and started to turn his head into a full one-eighty. Alphys gaped as Neil pulled his entire head off. Neil then screwed his head back on and composed himself. "If you are worried about discrimination, do not worry," Neil said. "I was manufactured about a millennia ago. When the monsters were banished, I stayed behind because I looked like a human. I've been waiting for the day my people would return."

Alphys thought this over for a moment. "Waitâ€¦ N-N-N-N-Neil _Nail_?" Alphys gasped. "Y-y-y-y-you're one of the m-m-m-m-most f-f-f-famous inventor of a-a-a-a-all time!"

"Indeed," Neil nodded. "I take it you've heard of me?"

"You r-r-r-r-r-revolutionized the m-m-m-monster c-c-c-c-community! You're a l-l-l-l-legend!" Alphys said, blushing. "I idolized you when I w-w-w-was little! Y-y-y-y-you inspired me to b-b-b-b-become the Royal Scientist!"

Neil nodded at Alphys. "Royal Scientist? I knew someone would be worthy to replace me," Neil said. "Now then, this job you want. Consider it yoursâ€¦ so long as you bring to me your best invention you have. I'll analyze your potential and then we'll see where I should put you."

Alphys blushed and nodded. "I'll d-d-d-do my best!" she said. "Umâ€¦ erâ€¦ w-w-w-would you like me to tell King Asgore where y-y-y-you are?"

Neil thought the question over. "No," Neil said. "If we meet, we'll

meet. Unless that comes to pass, I believe that logic will guide our courses," Neil said. "Return tomorrow."

"Y-y-y-y-yes sir!" Alphys saluted and quickly left the office, both gushing and nervous at the exact same time.

(Mettaton)

"Where can someone like me become fabulous?!"

"Get lost monster #\$\$!"

Mettaton pouted. He was standing in the streets of the city, looking for someone to point him to somewhere fabulous. So far, all he got was angry looks and a few fingers pointed at him. However, Mettaton would not lose hope. Because he was determined.

"Hello darling," Mettaton said to a passing teenage girl. "Is there somewhere someone as beautiful as me can go to get a variety of fans?"

"Umâ€¦" the girl said, biting her lip. "Sorry, butâ€¦ I'm not supposed to talk to strangersâ€¦"

"Oh, that's quite alright darling," Mettaton sighed. The girl nodded and quickly got away from Mettaton. "All I want is somewhere to be totally fabulous!"

"Hey mommy! Is that person a boy or a girl?"

"I think it's a she, but it's a monster, so it's not like it matters."

Mettaton paused for a moment and looked in the direction of the question. A mother with a little boy was walking toward him. "Excuse me babe," Mettaton said. "But I do believe that I am a magnificent male specimen!"

"Ew! You're nothing to look at," the women said flatly, pulling her son away from him. "Stay away from our children, you disgusting freak!"

"Freak!" said the boy.

"Freak? Nonesense! I'm quite famous in the underground you know!" Mettaton said, flashing a smile.

"Here? You're a poor nothing who no one cares about. Now, get away from us or we'll call the police on you forâ€¦ _existing_."

The woman walked away, taking her son with her. Mettaton pouted again, sneering at the woman. "How rude," he said. "No one insults a fabulous person like myself!" He then stopped and sighed.

"Althoughâ€¦ I don't feel very fabulous right nowâ€¦"

(Asgore)

Asgore was simply walking around his neighborhood, admiring the lawns of his neighbors. He was looking up at the sky, merely thinking to

himself. "Today truly is a remarkable day," he said to himself.

"Yo! It totally is!" came a voice. Asgore looked down and smiled at a small dinosaur-like kid walk up to him. However, the kid promptly tripped, but managed to get to his feet again. "Yo! You're King Asgore!"

"Indeed. But please, I'm not longer King. Call me Asgore young one," Asgore said with a smile. "Where do you live?"

"I live over there, yo!" the kid said, pointing over to a humble house with a green lawn. "I live with my family, yo! I'm Kid!"

"Nice to meet you," Asgore smiled. "I've been wandering the neighborhood, thinking. Do you know anything I could do around here?"

"Yo, I know what you could do!" Kid said, hopping around. "You could, like, totally help out with our yards! We keep them green, yo, but they aren't really _decorative_, ya know? You could totally help us decorate our yards, yo!"

Asgore thought about this for a few moments. "Interesting. I have picked up gardening since Asriel's death," Asgore sighed. "I'll consider it young one. Thank you for the suggestion. Perhaps you could come to our home and have a cup of tea?"

"Sure thing, yo! Wait until my parents hear about me being friends with the king, yo!" Kid said and rushed off, falling on his face yet again, but getting to his feet and running off.

Asgore smiled in the direction Kid ran. "Perhaps young Kid could be friends with Frisk. She needs a friend her age to get along with," he said to himself.

****(Sans)****

Sans had pulled Frisk alongside him as he trudged through the city, his hands in his hoodie pockets. He had been walking on instinct, just following his gut. Frisk was waddling forward, following Sans wherever he was going.

"I _knew _he would find a place."

Frisk looked up to find the building Sans was looking at. It appeared to be a bar with a large window to peer inside. Inside the bar was a person who was on fire, cleaning a glass.

'Grillby?' Frisk asked Sans.

"I thought I felt a punch in the timeline," Sans chuckled and walked inside the bar, Frisk waddling behind him. "Yo Grillbz!"

Grillby looked up and nodded. He held up his hands and signed, 'Sans. I figured you'd come wandering through those doors sooner or later. Want something?'

"Sure thing Grillbz. Burger. Frisk, burger or fries?"

'Fries please!'

Grillbz nodded and wrote down the order. He dinged a bell, signaling for a waitress to come in and grab the order. She smiled at Sans and Frisk and quickly went back into the kitchen. 'Good worker. Loves monsters and treats me like an equal. Plus, she can handle water,' Grillby signed to him.

"She's pretty _spicy hot _from the look of her," Sans nodded. "Glad you integrated well into the human world."

'Wasn't easy, but I found good people,' Grillby said. 'How are the others doing?'

"They're getting jobs from what they said this morning," Sans shrugged. "I'm sure they're fine."

Grillby glanced at Frisk. 'And you're babysitting?' Grillby asked.

"Yep, but hey, that's just the luck of the _bone_," Sans shrugged. "Frisk is a good girl though. I don't have to really watch her. I just have to make sure she doesn't get into trouble."

Frisk pouted. 'Since when have I ever gotten into trouble?' Frisk asked.

"Oh geez, let's see, Papyrus, Undyne, Mettaton, Asgore, Flowey" | "

'You're just teasing me now.'

"Yep, because you know I can."

Frisk pouted, but right then, her burger came. Sans temporarily forgotten, Frisk bit into it with a happy look on her face. Sans chuckled and turned to Grillby. "So, how are things here?" he asked.

'Well enough. You're tab is still open, by the way,' Grillby said. 'Anyway, I hope your family's doing well. They may need a skeleton to lean on.'

"What can happen? This is my family we're talking about," Sans chuckled. "They're fine."

(Undyne)

Undyne was breathing steadily. She had this, she knew she had this. _#\$%it, I wish Alphys were here to calm me down, _Undyne thought to herself. "Yeah, I can keep myself under control," Undyne said.

She was currently sitting in an office, staring at a bald man with dark skin. He was super ripped and was currently lifting up a weight. There was a window behind him, opening the view of the city. The man was looking at her carefully.

"So you managed to train all of the Royal Guard without losing your temper?" the man said, somewhat loudly.

"Y-y-y-yes sir," Undyne lied.

"Hmmmâ€¦ and they're good?" the man said.

"Only as good as they can be," Undyne said.

"Uh huh. Well Undyne, let's see how many push-ups you can do in a minute," the man said. Undyne nodded, quickly dropping down and doing as many pushups as she could. She really wanted this job and she wasn't going to let anything get in her way.

(Meanwhileâ€¦)

Papyrus so happened to be walking by the building Undyne was in. He was carrying a stack of newspapers with him as he looked at a make-shift list York had made him. "SO ACCORDING TO YORK'S NIFTY LISTâ€¦ I THINK HE SAID HE CALLED IT A CHECK LISTâ€¦ THE NEXT PAPER GOES HERE!" Papyrus said, looking up at the building.

"HMMâ€¦ THIS BUIDLING HAS FAR TOO MANY ROOMS!" Papyrus said, eyeballing the building. "HMMâ€¦ I KNOW! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL JUST THROW _ALL _THE PAPERS TO _EVERY _OFFICE!"

So, he did just that. Papyrus, using great speed and skill, chucked a paper into every window. Some of the windows were already open, so lucky for Papyrus, there weren't a lot of shattered windows. However, one office had its window upâ€¦

â€¦and it was the room Undyne was in.

SMASH!****

"HMMâ€¦ I DON'T THINK I THOUGHT THIS THROUGH!" Papyrus said. "I SHOULD HAVE CHECKED THE LIST TO SEE IF ANYONE ELSE WANTED A PAPER BEFORE I THREW THEM ALL AWAY!" Papyrus checked the list. "LUCKY ME! THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO WANTED PAPERS WAS THIS BUILDING! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, MUST BE PSYCHIC!"

Inside the office Undyne was in, the paper flew through the window, shattering it to pieces. Undyne stared at it for a moment, then slowly looked up. She saw Papyrus walking by the building, looking pleased with himself.

"YOU #\$% PUNK! I'M GOING TO GET YOU FOR THIS!" Undyne screamed and jumped right out the window. The man looked after Undyne in surprise, but then shrugged.

"Some people," he said.

****BN:** And there you have it for part one of the first episode! Things in this episode kind of set the mood I wanted to set. Serious, but funny at the same time. If you guys have any suggestions for an episode, please let me know! The conclusion of this episode will come out shortly, so let me know your thoughts via review. I love all the feedback you give!******

****Like? Hate? Meh? Let me know via review!****

****Disclaimer:** I own nothing except for my scattered OCs.**

****Ben's Note of Sheer Awesome:** And boom, here's another one! I like these chapters, I truly do. I hope you guys are enjoying these as much as I do! I feel like these characters really are growing on me as I write for them. Here's the conclusion for episode one, so please enjoy!**

****EAH HG GEEK:** Most endings where Papyrus lives neutral wise are sad. I own the game and I just can't kill Papyrusâ€¦ but if I don't kill Papyrus, I won't kill Undyne. (Because I love Undyne.) And if I don't kill Undyne, I won't kill anyone else, because I don't want Undyne ticked at me. So reallyâ€¦ I mostly do pacifist.**

****Shiny Mudkip Gal:** Toriel, I feel, could probably handle the worst criticism in the last chapter. Imagine that happening to Papyrus.
shivers As for Papyrusâ€¦ he's Papyrus. What did you expect him to do?**

Episode 2: Work Day-Part 2

Sans was relaxing on the couch again, smiling to himself. Frisk was up in her room taking a nap, so Sans decided to follow her lead by resting on the couch. Right as he was drifting off to sleep, the door opened and slammed. Sans sighed and looked at the door, finding Papyrus breathing heavily.

"Why so breathy bro?" Sans said.

"SHUT UP SANS! I HAVE NO TIME FOR YOUR USELESS PUNS!" Papyrus said worriedly. "I MIGHT HAVE ACCIDENTLY RUINED UNDYNE'S INTERVIEW!"

"Huh? But I have your phone. Oh, speaking of, I might have maxed out your minutes," Sans said, tossing Papyrus his cell phone.

"SANS! I NEED THIS PHONE TO CALL A CAB! UNDYNE IS GOING TO KILL ME!"

"PAPYRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUS!"

"UH OH!" Papyrus said, sweating. "SANS, IF UNDYNE ASKS, I'M NOT HOME!"

Papyrus quickly ran off, probably to his room. Sans watched the doorâ€¦ until it flew off its hinges. Undyne was breathing angrily as she charged into the room, glaring at Sans. "WHERE IS HE YOU LAZY PIECE OF #\$\$?!" Undyne yelled.

"You wanna have a bad time?" Sans said flatly. "I'm feeling a little loose jawed with my laziness. I'm not saying a word."

" #\$\$it Sans! I could have gotten a #\$\$ job if it wasn't for Papyrus' stupid newspaper!"

"That sentence was too wordy," Sans said. "You sure your job wasn't edited out?"

"Those puns a #\$\$ lame!" Undyne shouted, going off to look for

Papyrus. Sans soon heard screaming, then a, "YOU #\$\$ CHEATER! YOU CAN'T USE YOUR BLUE ATTACK! NO FAIR!"

Sans shut his eyes again, only to hear the door open. "I should just stop shutting my eyes," Sans said, opening his eyes to see Asgore walk into the room. "Hey, Fluffybuns, how was your day?"

"Fair," Asgore shrugged. "I met a young boy on my walk. He gave me the idea to be a gardener for those around the community. I might follow up on this idea."

"Sounds _dirt_y. I hope you _plant _your hope inside your soul and _grow _with it," Sans winked. "Need any equipment for that?"

"Perhaps, but I'm sure the things I need will find their way to me sometime," Asgore said and retired to the basement. Not a few seconds later did Mettaton walk in, looking discouraged. Sans shifted his eyes a little.

"What has you so glum?" Sans asked.

"Today wasn't fabulous at all! Those humans totally rubbed on my fame and glory!" Mettaton pouted depressed. "All those meanies were messing up my masculinity! I am a man darlings!"

"Just hu_man_s being hu_man_s," Sans sighed. "Not everyone is as adorable as Frisk. Sorry you had it rough today."

"I just wanted to be a star! What's wrong with me fulfilling my dream?" Mettaton sighed, sulking down to his studio. After Mettaton had left, Sans didn't bother shutting his eyes. He was thinking deeply when the door opened again, Alphys walking in, gushing a deep shade of red.

"Well, aren't you a little _red cheeked_," Sans said. "What's up with you?"

"W-w-w-w-well, I have the j-j-j-j-job," Alphys smiled. "B-b-b-b-b-but I need to bring in one of m-m-m-m-m-my inventionsâ€¦ I d-d-d-don't know which one I should bring in!"

Sans thought it over. "Why not the Gastor Blaster?" Sans said, winking at Alphys. "It works well enough for me when I bother using it."

Alphys instantly shook her head. "N-n-n-n-no! Not that one!" Alphys sighed. "It c-c-c-c-caused Floweyâ€¦ the d-d-d-d-d-determination d-d-d-d-didn't work. I c-c-c-c-can't show a failure," Alphys said.

"It's not a failure. Sure, it didn't _determine _the most positive fate, but it works," Sans said.

"I knowâ€¦ b-b-b-b-but I want to show him m-m-m-m-m-my best work," Alphys said. "I j-j-j-j-just need to decide what my b-b-b-b-best work is."

Alphys walked downstairs, leaving Sans alone to think again. It wasn't long before the door opened one more time. Toriel walked

inside, giving Sans a small smile. "Hello Sans. Is Frisk doing ok?"

"Yeah, she's dreaming up in her room," Sans said. "How was your day?"

Toriel sighed. "I'm not all too sure. I got Frisk enrolled in school, so she starts Monday morning, a few days from now. But the people at the school weren't all too polite toward me."

"Oh? Did you get _schooled _or what?" Sans asked curiously.

"They didn't take well to me being a monster," Toriel sighed. "The Vice Principal and his wife seem to be accepting of me, but the principal rejected me because of what I am." She sighed. "It's fine. It might be my dream to be a teacher, but I don't want to upset the balance the humans already have."

As Toriel left, Sans put his hands behind his head, thinking. _So, Grillbz was right after all, _Sans thought to himself. _Everyone didn't really have the best day. Sure, Asgore and Alphys seem to have a grasp on things, but even they have things that limit their goals. Hmm for once maybe I should try doing something to help_

****(Flowey's Room)****

Flowey twitched his petal as the metal door opened. Flowey turned his head to see Frisk bounced in with a smile, sitting in a chair set up on the other side of the glass. Sans walked in after her, standing close to the door.

"Hello Frisk," Flowey said. "Was your day fun?"

'Of course it was! Sans took me to Grillby's new bar here on the surface and I ate a hamburger! Then I took a nap and dreamt about rainbows!'

"Sounds like a great time!" Flowey said cheerfully. "Rainbows are wonderful to kill you with!"

'Bad Flowey!' Frisk signed. 'No going into evil voice!'

"Oops, sorry!" Flowey said innocently, smiling at the girl. "Anything else happen today?"

'Not with me. Everyone else seems a bit down, but I don't really know what to do about that,' Frisk confessed. 'You don't have any ideas about how to cheer them up, do you?'

"Well, back in the underground, I wouldn't have minded you _slaughtering the whole monster race_, " Flowey said, then flinched when he saw Frisk's look. "But here I'm afraid I can't help too much. I don't consider those fools family, including you and Papyrus. I tolerate you because you kept me alive. I can't help you."

Frisk sighed silently, but nodded her understanding. 'I understand,' Frisk signed, standing up. 'See you tomorrow Flowey!' Frisk went for the door and opened it, leaving the room. Sans was about to follow when Flowey coughed.

"Seeing you was a surprise," he said.

Sans paused in the doorway. "Just making sure you didn't hurt Frisk," Sans said simply.

"Oh? You don't trust me?" Flowey said innocently.

"No, I don't. And I wouldn't _stem_ulate me. I will protect Frisk at all costs," Sans said.

"Funny. Last I checked, if it weren't for your promise, you would have killed Frisk a long time ago," Flowey said. "I think you still feel that way."

"People change," Sans said. "You might not have changed much, but you changed. You can't say you haven't."

"I haven't," Flowey smirked. "And I don't really think you have either. You heard Frisk. She wants to make her family happy. I bet you don't have the _bones _to make every member of her family happy."

Sans stared at Flowey, his eyeless sockets seemingly looked right through him. "You want to bet on that?" Sans said.

"Nope! Because you won't do it," Flowey giggled. "_Petal _along now you jokester."

Sans sneered as he left the room. The door shut and locked behind him, leaving Flowey alone yet again. Flowey turned and looked up in the sunlight, sighing. "Lonelinessâ€¦|despiteâ€¦| fearâ€¦|arroganceâ€¦| I haven't changed Sans. And I doubt you have either."

(Later that nightâ€¦|)

Mr. Friendly sighed in bliss as he took a sip of beer as he headed toward his room. It had been a perfect day for him. He got to tell a monster their place and talked about her behind their back. He gave Mrs. Kind a few polite whacks on her ass, which she might have not taken well but he quite enjoyed. All in all, the day was perfect.

Mr. Friendly walked into his room and quickly undressed. He put on a brown robe and went into the bathroom. After quickly brushing his teeth and flossing, he went back into his main room and flopped onto his bed.

"Twenty-two reported physical harassment charges."

Mr. Friendly screamed loudly, practically falling out of his bed. He slowly turned his head to see a skeleton in a blue hoodie sitting in a random green chair by his lamp. He was currently reading what appeared to be a case file.

"Says here you also spent some time for attempted rape, but were released when someone paid your bail," the skeleton continued. "It also says that you stole money from several kids. Really? You stoop that low to steal from _children_?"

"Whatever you are, get out of my house this instance!" Mr. Friendly

shouted.

"I'm a skeleton, and last I checked, I'm kind of a part of your natural structure," Sans said. "That's right. One of me is in you. Get over it."

Mr. Friendly blubbered over his words. "What is this nonsense? Who are you?" Mr. Friendly spat.

"Doesn't matter," he said seriously. "Do you wanna have a bad time?"

"Do you want me to call the police?"

"Sure, go ahead. I'm sure they'd _love _to read this case file," the skeleton smirked, holding it up. "I think it might just get you fired. But that's just wishful thinking. In all reality it might get you thrown in prison, along with all the monster racist friends you have on the force. I have files on them too."

"That's absurd!"

"Lying isn't your strong point. I have the evidence right here," the skeleton said simply. "Now we can do this the easy way or the hard way. So I'll ask once more. Do you wanna have a bad time?"

Mr. Friendly eyed the file carefully. "If I remotely believed that those files had an ounce of truth and I agreed to whatever terms you had to keep this secretâ€¦ what would your terms be?" Mr. Friendly asked.

"It's a yes or no question. I'm not taking maybes."

Mr. Friendly sneered. "Fine. I refuse to cooperate," Mr. Friendly said. Right at that instant, sirens began to ring outside Mr. Friendly's house. He quickly ran to the window to find several cops outside, going for the door.

"Good. Because I was kind of hoping you wanted a bad time. It would ruin the _principal _of the thing," the skeleton chuckled, walking into Mr. Friendly's bathroom. Mr. Friendly blundered after him, only to find that his bathroom was completely empty.

****(Personal Trainer Building)****

The boss over the personal trainer building walked into his office, a towel on his shoulders. Whenever he couldn't sleep, he always came to the gym to work out a little to unwind. He sighed, taking a few deep breaths as he went over to sit in his chair.

As he started to do so, he noticed something sitting on his desk. It was a video tape labeled, 'Undyne's Best Moments'. "Hmph," the boss grumbled to himself. "She must have snuck in here and gave this to me. Oh well."

The boss grabbed the disk and was about to chuck it in the garbage when he heard a chuckle. "I wouldn't do that if I were you," someone said. The boss looked up to see a skeleton in a blue hoodie standing in the doorway.

"And why not?" the boss asked, looking somewhat concerned that some random dude was able to walk right into the building without his permission.

"You throw that away, you throw away one of the best employees you could ever have," the skeleton said. "She might have a temper, but that temper is what fuels her. You want a great personal trainer? Watch that video. You'll realize that you were wrong."

The boss looked down at the disk. This was supposed to show him how great Undyne was? The boss looked up to tell the skeleton off, but he was gone. The boss looked down at the disk again and sighed. "Better to do it than not to," he said, turning on his computer and watched the video.

(Grillby's Bar)

Grillby had just finished sliding someone a drink when he felt a familiar presence walk into his bar. He silently chuckled to himself, shaking his hands. 'Back already?' Grillby asked as Sans sat in one of the bar seats.

"Usual," Sans said. "You know, just visiting my favorite bar."

'No, you want something,' Grillby signed. 'I know you better than that my old friend.'

"This is me we're talking about Grillbz," Sans chuckled. "I'm a lazy skeleton who just wants to kick back and enjoy himself. Is that so wrong?"

Grillby finished Sans' drink and slid it to him, looking at him carefully. 'I know you Sans,' Grillby signed simply. 'I believe that you're here for something.'

Sans sighed, giving Grillby a small smile. "I can't _burn _anything past you. My tab's still open for me, right?"

'Yep. Keep in mind you still have to pay me back at some point, but yes, your tab's open,' Grillby said.

"Great. I need five hundred bucks pulled out of it."

'What?'

"Please Grillbz? I'll pay you back someday, I promise."

Grillby thought about this for a few moments as Sans sipped his drink. Finally, Grillby nodded. 'Alright, I'll give you the five hundred,' Grillby said. '_If _you agree to work off your debt here at the bar.'

"Done," Sans said simply. Grillby's eyes widened as he grabbed the flame proof five hundred and handed it to Sans. "See you tomorrow morning to get the details?"

'Sure Sans,' Grillby signed. Sans nodded and left the bar promptly. Grillby watched Sans as he left. _What is Sans up to? He never works, not even forâ€| oh, I see. Someone noticed, didn't they Sans? You

want to prove them wrong, huh? Well, my friendâ€¦ I wish you luck._

(The Next Morning-Mettaton's Studio)

Mettaton was still feeling down about the day before. He felt less than fabulous and he was a bit dejected. He was in his room, which had several cameras pointing at his Hollywood looking bed. Mettaton himself as lying face first on the bed, look depressed.

"I'm no longer a starâ€¦ no one will ever know the name of Mettaton everâ€¦" Mettaton said gloomily. He sighed, a small amount of oil leaking out of his eye. Mettaton wiped the oil away, sighing again.

A knock came at the door, which Mettaton ignored. Whoever was there promptly left, as the knock did not happen again. Mettaton sighed, turning onto his back. However, as he did so, he noticed a note had been slid underneath the door. Mettaton got up and grabbed the note. He read it over, frowning a little as he did.

"What? No, this can't be right! She's fabulous!" Mettaton said with a scowl. He thought about what the note said for a few minutesâ€¦ before standing up tall. "No, I will not let her fail! She helped me in my time of need and made me famous! It'd be wrong of me to let her down now! Fret not, the greatness shall be fabulous!" Mettaton quickly opened his door and made his way to wherever he was going, filled with determination.

(Frisk's Room)

Frisk had woken up a while ago and was currently reading a picture book. Papyrus, who had managed to avoid Undyne all morning, retreated to Frisk's room and was reading York's free newspaper he had given him yesterday. Papyrus was reading it intently while Frisk giggled at her book.

"YOUNG FRISK?" Papyrus asked, getting Frisk's attention. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME AS A COW MILKER? I COULD MAKE THE COW GO MOO AND GET THE MILK FOR SPAGHETTI!"

Frisk cocked her head to the side and signed, 'Um, Papyrus, I don't think there's milk in spaghetti. Do you mean noodles?'

"NOODLES?! WHO PUTS NOODLES IN SPAGHETTI?!" Papyrus said in outrage. "MY SPAGHETTI IS MADE OF PURE CABBAGE! IT MAKES IT HEALTHY FOR YOU!" Frisk mimed gagging herself, making Papyrus scowl. "WELL EXCUSE MASTER CHEF PAPYRUS FOR COOKING WITHIN HIS NATURAL STYLE!"

"I don't know bro," Sans said, walking in. "For every trap you set with that spaghetti, not a lot of people get trapped by it."

"SANS! YOU SPEAK BLASPHEMY!" Papyrus scowled. "YOU AND YOUNG FRISK ARE GANGING UP ON ME! I WILL NOT ALLOW THIS!"

"Well, your _cult_inary skills need work," Sans chuckled. "Everyone else seems to have plans for the day Papyrus, so it looks like we're watching Frisk for the day."

"ACTUALLY, YORK'S EXPECTING ME TO DO ANOTHER PAPER ROUTE TODAY!"

Papyrus said. "I MIGHT NOT BE PAID, BUT HELPING OUT SOMEONE WHO PAYS WITH FREE NEWSPAPERS IS ALWAYS A BONUS! NYEH HEH HEH!"

"Hey, you got yourself a job. Ah, seeing everyone go off and finding jobs is art. Or, should I say, art_icles_."

"SANS! THAT PUN WAS TOTALLY LAME!" Papyrus said angrily.

"I know bro," Sans chuckled, then looked at Frisk. "So what do you want to do today? I have to go to work in about two hours, so I'm free to take you wherever until then."

'Work? You got a job?' Frisk asked in surprise.

"More or less. I went back and talked to Grillbz. He wants me to pay back my tab, so I'm working for him until I pay it off. I'm sure Grillbz has something for you to do, so don't worry about being bored," Sans said.

"WHY NOT HAVE THE HUMAN HELP YOU WORK OFF THAT TAB?" Papyrus suggested. "YOU'VE BEEN SAVING UP THAT TAB SINCE WE WERE MIGDIT SKELETONS! YOU MIGHT NEED MORE THAN ONE SET OF HANDS TO PAY IT OFF!"

"No worries Papyrus. I'm sure Frisk can _hand_le sitting around. I want to pay this off myself," Sans asked.

"SUIT YOURSELF SANS! I'M GOING OFF TO THE CART! I'LL BE SEEING YOU TWO LATER!" Papyrus said and left the room.

Frisk eyed Sans. 'You're going to make me work, aren't you?' Frisk signed.

"Of course. I'm not telling Papyrus I'm using you for child labor. That makes me look like a bad guardian," Sans said simply. "Besides, I couldn't think of any puns for child labor."

****(Asgore)****

The old King yawned as he got out of bed. He rubbed his eyes, coming back to the world of the living. He walked to his little stove he had set up in his room and started to boil some water for his morning tea. After the water was boiling, Asgore took it off and added the herbs to it.

Once his tea was ready, Asgore turned to his door, taking a sip of his tea. His eyes widened when he saw a note on his door. Asgore wandered over to his door, taking sips of tea as he went. When he got to the door, he grabbed the note and read it over.

_Asgore, _

Despite making mistakes, you've been a good king. Maybe you didn't approve most of my business ventures, but you still did a decent job in running the underground. You prided yourself in making things fair for all monsters. And for that, I decided to get you something.

_You mentioned yesterday that you might be going into gardening. I

believe that this is a great profession for you. I managed to get a bit of money to add into this venture. I've purchased a few things for you to start, including some hedge clippers, mowers, and a few other flower things. I left the rest of the money in an envelope for whatever you need. Everything's out back for you to get started with our yard, then you can move on to other yards._

I respect you King Asgore, even if I don't always show it. I hope you do well with this profession. I wish you luck. Not that you need it, Fluffybuns.

Sincerely, your humble skeleton,

A Garden Lover

"I told Sans the items would find me if it was meant to be," Asgore said with a smile. "I wonder who wrote this note. Perhaps Papyrus. He is a skeleton. Although, he's not really a garden lover. Ah, it does not matter. I guess I can begin work todayâ€| right after this cup of tea."

(Alphys)

Alphys sighed as she approached Neil's office. She had spent the entire night going over every single one of her inventions, trying to find her best work. But as she examined each piece of work, she began to realize how crappy of a scientist she was. None of her inventions were worthy for Neil to analyze. She had realized, after the thousandth analysis of an invention that she didn't deserve to work at NAIL Industries.

Alphys sighed to herself again right as she reached Neil's door. She always was a giant screw-up with everything. She screwed up the Determination Extractor. She screwed up all those monsters. It was her faultâ€| and she didn't deserve to work alongside Neil.

Right as Alphys opened the door, she heard voices inside. "Of course darling! She's always been the nervous type! Like, her girlfriend is the only one that gets her to do anything outgoing! Not that I would ever do something so gross."

"Mettaton?" Alphys asked, shocked.

"Oh, good morning Alphys darling!" Mettaton said with a smile. "I was just telling this nice man all about you!"

"Umâ€|." Alphys said, blushing.

"Mettaton here explained to me how you build his mechanical body," Neil said expressionlessly. "It's a hard thing to transfer life from one body to another Alphys."

"W-w-w-w-well, Mettaton wasn't an e-e-e-e-easy time creating," Alphys admitted. "B-b-b-b-but Hapstablook helped with the d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-design. Ghost to r-r-r-r-r-robot transfers are a b-b-b-b-bit easier."

Neil raised an eyebrow. "A ghost? You too?" Neil asked.

"Oh yes darling! Doesn't having a physical body feel so refreshing?"

Mettaton giggled. "When did you transfer darling?"

"When I became the royal scientist," Neil said simply, looking over at Alphys. "I do have to say, though, with never seeing a human before, Mettaton's body is pretty impressive, almost rivals my own Alphys."

"W-w-w-w-w-w-well thanks Neil! I'm g-g-g-g-g-glad you like the design! B-b-b-b-but I didn't really t-t-t-t-t-try to do my best with it. I j-j-j-j-j-just wanted to give Hapstablook a g-g-g-g-good body."

Neil nodded at this explanation. "Very well then. You have the job," Neil said.

"â€|W-w-w-w-w-what?!" Alphys said in complete shock.

"Mettaton was your friend and you created him a body to live and feel. That is what I look for in my employees and you are perfect for this job," Neil said in monotone. He then turned to Mettaton. "As for Mettatonâ€| I have a salon owned by my company in this city. It may not be fame, but I look after my employee's friends."

Mettaton's face glowed. "You're so fabulous my darling! I thank you for your happiness and fortune you give to me! Treat me boo well!"

"Will do. Alphys, you start tomorrow. Mettaton, I'll have my people contact you on when you can start," Neil nodded. Alphys thanked Neil gratefully and both she and Mettaton left the room. They walked side by side, being completely silent.

"H-h-h-h-h-how did you know?"

"Someone left me a note this morning honey. I didn't want my favorite boo to suffer. I figured that the greatest thing you ever invented darling, was our friendship."

Alphys nervously smiled, looking directly at Mettaton. After a few moments, Alphys hugged him. "Thank y-y-y-y-you Mettaton. Don't ever not be my friend."

Mettaton smiled down at her. "Of course hon. Always."

** (Undyne) **

"Waitâ€| you're _what_?"

"I'm hiring you," the boss said. Undyne, having gotten a call early that morning, returned to the boss's office, expecting him to tell her she didn't get the job. However, much to her great surprise, the exact opposite seemed to be happening.

"But I lost my temper! I went and attacked one of my friends! That cost me the job, right?" Undyne said, flustered.

"Initiallyâ€| but then I realized how much that anger fueled you," he said. "We need people with that fuel, with that energy to motivate people. I didn't realize what you had until I almost let it slip past

me. So, Undyne, you're hired."

Undyne was speechless for a few moments. Then, she jumped and her seat and pulled her hands down.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
S!" she screamed.

And thenâ€¦|

__**SMASH!****__

"Again?" the boss groaned, turning to find his recently repaired window had yet again been smashed by a newspaper. Undyne stared straight out the window and saw Papyrus, who was already running in a panic away from the building, screaming, 'NYEH HEH HEH!'

"UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNK!" Undyne screamed, jumped out the window, falling two stories, and then chasing after Papyrus, completely unharmed from the fall. The boss watched after her, whistling.

"Dang, good thing I watched that video. Otherwise I would have let her get away," the boss chuckled.

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** (Grillby's Bar) **
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'Sans, this is child labor.'

"Aw, come on Grillbz! You want me to pay off my debt, so having a helping hand will pay it off twice as fast."

'I would typically agree with youâ€¦ if you were actually working.'

Sure enough, inside Grillby's bar, Frisk was wearing the typically waitress outfit and was taking orders from people ten times older than she was. While this was happening, Sans was laying on top of a table, appearing to be asleep.

"I'm working Grillbz! I'm just on break."

'You've been on break since you got here.'

"Exactly. I got here at lunch time and now I'm taking my lunch break."

'What am I going to do with you Sans?'

"Maybe get me a burger? I'm kind of hungry?"

'I am too! Extra crispy!' Frisk signed as she passed by Grillby.

Grillby rubbed his eyes. 'I don't think you guys understand the point of paying off Sans' tab. The point is to earn money to get it paid off, not go more into debt.'

"Yeah, but working is hard," Sans shrugged. "Look Grillbz, I don't see the point of working. Why work when I can relax? I'll pay off the

tab eventually, I promise!"

Grillbz sighed. 'You aren't proving anything,' Grillby signed, making sure Frisk wasn't looking.

"I'm proving that I can make the family happy. If Frisk is happy and I can make the others happy, then I'm happy."

'No, I don't think you know how happiness works Sans.'

"All that matters is everything will be solved by tonight. I'll pay off the tab when I get the cash," Sans said simply. "I'm happy as can be Grillbz. Everything will fall into place."

Grillby sighed silently again. 'You've been this way far too long, my friend,' Grillby signed. 'Things won't change overnight.'

"They will Grillbz. I have things taken care of," Sans shrugged. "Yo, Frisk! Get me a beer!"

'Sans! She's way underage!'

"Fine then, Grillbz, you get me a beer!"

'Ughâ€¦ the things I do for you.'

(Toriel)

Toriel was kind of shocked to get a call that morning to return to the school. After registering Frisk, Toriel figured that she was no longer welcome anywhere near the building. But, nonetheless, she had gotten a call asking her to come right back, much to her great surprise and slight reluctance.

Toriel arrived at the school and went for the office. She saw no teachers or children, which she was fine with. She loved the children, but that teacherâ€¦ she wasn't the best person Toriel had come across.

Upon entering the main officeâ€¦ for some reason, there was a mood change from the day before. When Toriel had walked in before, there was a type of gloom holding the room back from true happiness. However, today, there seemed to be a brighter light in the room, a happier light. Toriel was surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Kind dancing together in the office, their faces beaming with the most happiness she had ever seen.

"Good morning," Toriel said kindly, still shocked by the amount of happiness in this room alone.

"Oh, Toriel! So nice to see you again!" Mr. Kind said with a huge smile. "I would like to apologize for the other day. Mr. Friendly isn't really the best man in the world, so the fact you had to deal with him was our bad."

"It was not your fault," Toriel assured. "Although, I do not wish to provoke Mr. Friendly's anger again. Was there a problem with the paperwork for Frisk? If her signing is a problem, I can always have a friend of mine come interpret for her."

"No, no, it's nothing to do with the paperwork," Mrs. Kind giggled. "Honey? You want to tell her?"

"I got promoted," Mr. Kind said. "The police arrested Mr. Friendly for some pretty atrocious things he's done in the past. Several members of the force were arrested as well for aiding him in his deeds. Long story short, the school board hired me to replace him."

"Congratulations," Toriel smiled. "But why did you call me?"

"Simple. I'm hiring you," Mr. Kind smiled. "Mr. Friendly wouldn't let you teach, but I most certainly will. I'll have to interview you and assess where you'd work best, but other than that, you seem like a wonderful lady."

"I'm flattered," Toriel smiled. "Thank you for giving me a chance."

"Of course! Monster or not, you're still a person. I'll treat you with the same respect I treat everyone," Mr. Kind said, smiling dearly at Toriel. "Also, I'm planning on expanding the school to except monster children as well. They wouldn't hurt the human children, would they?"

"Oh no, not at all. Most children are non-violent, so I wouldn't worry about a thing," Toriel reassured.

"Good," Mrs. Kind nodded. "I'll try calling a few monster families in the area Mr. Friendly rejected children for. We'll make sure things are fixed up with them and try to integrate their children in school."

Toriel smiled. These were the kind of people she wanted around her. People who didn't care what type of person you are. If you're a child, you're important. And if you live you're even that much more important.

****(Flowey's Room)****

"You seem cheerful! What's got you all happy?" Flowey asked as Frisk came into his room. Sans was present as well, standing near the door. Flowey acknowledged him by subtly flicking a petal toward him, but Sans either didn't notice or didn't bother responding.

'Well, Sans took me to Grillby's again and he and I worked! Being a waitress was fun!' Frisk signed, silently giggling. 'Also, everyone came home cheerful today! Well, maybe not Papyrus, but I don't blame him, since Undyne was chasing him again.'

Flowey flicked his petals. "So your friends got a happy day today, did they?" Flowey said, subtlety glancing at Sans.

'Yep, they sure did! Mommy is going to be working in my school! She says she's teaching Kindergarten, which is two grades below me. Undyne got her job, Alphys got hers, and Mettaton helped Alphys and got a job too! Daddy began a garden today too. Maybe when you're a good boy, you can help him a little!'

"Maybe," Flowey said indifferently. "What about Papyrus? You didn't really mention him."

'Papyrus is always happy, no matter what situation he's in,' Frisk signed. 'I don't think he really wants another job. He enjoys himself with the newspaper, so I bet he'll stick with it, even if he finds another job too.'

"Sounds like fun!" Flowey said. "Well, nothing going on with me down here. Just rotting away— like those idiots should be doing—"

'Flowey,' Frisk signed sternly.

"I know, I know! Just thinking out loud!" Flowey said. "Why don't you go paint a picture or something?"

'Ok! See you tomorrow Flowey!' Frisk signed and cheerfully left the room. Once Frisk was gone, Sans shut the door, leaving him and Flowey alone.

"You helped the others get the happiness, didn't you?" Flowey smirked.

"I've changed. I will do anything to make my family happy, Frisk included. She's happy because the family's happy. I think you owe me an apology," Sans said.

Flowey thought for a moment— before laughing evilly. "No— I don't think I do," Flowey said, his smile that of the Devil. "You haven't changed at all Sans."

"What?" Sans asked flatly.

"You made everyone happy, sure. But why did you do it?" Flowey asked. "Not because you wanted to. Because I challenged you to. I questioned you and you had to prove me wrong. But all you did was prove me right. You don't really care for them. If you truly cared, you wouldn't need me prompting you to do it."

Sans clenched his fists. "You really are petaling me toward punching your lights out," Sans said. "Maybe I haven't changed. What does that prove?"

"That people like us can't change who we are, despite desperately wanting to," Flowey said. "I will always want to kill you all. You will never, ever care for anyone. And you won't ever trust Frisk."

Sans scowled, and started to open the door. However, he paused for a few moments. "You're wrong about one thing Flowey," Sans said.

"Oh? What's that?"

"I reacted to your bet in the first place," Sans said. "I might not care— but I cared enough to do something. Gives you a little in_scent_ive to ponder over change, doesn't it Flowey?"

Sans then left the room, sealing the room behind him. Flowey stared at the door, then turned back around. "Oh Sans— you really are an

idiot," Flowey laughed.

****BN:** And there you guys have it! I ****_**said **_**this** was going to have some sort of plot to it! And thus, the plot has begun! Thinking over the heaviness of the game, I realized that Flowey and Sans share something in common. They both know things the other characters don't. Flowey can break the fourth wall and Sans remembers the timelines. Both characters know the other knows something, but they don't quite know what it is. I figured the best way to go with this was to have a sort of conflict between Flowey and Sans| but it's kind of different than most other conflicts. We'll have to see where this leads. (Keep in mind that when Frisk has reset before, she hasn't done neutral or genocide and Frisk doesn't remember the resets.)**

****I** also kind of wanted everyone to get a foot in the right place before things went to cheese. Everyone got a job and everyone seems happy where they are. I feel as though this is a good first note to leave on, so let's end here while we still can!**

****That's** all I have to say right now. I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Let me know in the reviews what you loved about the chapter. Also, if you have an idea about an episode for one of the characters, be sure to let me know! (Side characters, like Muffet, Nabstablook, Mad Dummy, and Burgerpants will appear every so often as well.)**

****Like? Hate? Meh? Let me know via review!****

****Next Time:** ****It's** the first day of school and Frisk is really excited for it! With a special class for those who can speak sign language, what could possibly go wrong? (Frisk Episode)

4. Episode 3: Frisk's First Day

****Disclaimer:** I own nothing except for the few OCs I'm using.**

****Ben's Note of Sheer Awesome:** What can I say? I love this story. Maybe it's because I have so many big plans with it or that I love working with the characters. I also plan for this going on for at least four seasons, each season ranging between thirteen to twenty-six episodes. If I don't have a lot of ideas, thirteen episodes. If I randomly get an abundance of ideas, I'll do twenty-six. (Season two will more than likely have twenty-six, considering where I want to go with it.) Anyway, I hope you guys enjoy this next episode!**

Episode 3: Frisk's First Day

****(Frisk's Room)****

Frisk yawned and stretched as the morning light slid into her room. Looking out the window, she smiled to herself. Today was her first day of school, a day that would significantly impact her for the rest of her life. Frisk jumped out of bed and quickly got herself dressed.

Once she had her blue and purple striped shirt on and slipped on her

golden locket, she waddled out her door. As she did so, her eyes went to Sans' room, flames appearing from underneath the cracks. Frisk couldn't help but wonder what Sans did in there day after day. The more she thought about it, the more she realized that she didn't really know Sans in general. But that didn't really matter. Sans kept to himself and Frisk had to respect that.

Frisk made her way to the stairs and waddled down them, smiling the whole way. She quickly found herself in the dining room and she went to sit at the table. Papyrus and Asgore were up as well, the former reading yesterday's newspaper and the latter sipping a cup of tea. Asgore smiled lightly at Frisk as she sat down.

"Good morning," Asgore said. "Toriel's making some eggs for us this morning. They should be ready before you two have to leave."

"NYEH HEH HEH!" Papyrus whined, not looking up from his newspaper. "I WANTED TO HAVE THE BEST FOOD IN THE WORLD FOR BREAKFAST! WHAT'S WRONG WITH EARLY MORNING SPAGHETTI?"

"I do not see why you must have spaghetti so many times a day," Asgore said kindly. "Why not expand your tastes?"

"HAVE YOU EVER HAD ANYTHING OTHER THAN TEA IN YOUR ENTIRE LIFE?" Papyrus asked him.

Asgore thought about this for a few moments. "Does the time I had coffee once count?" Asgore asked. "Because I didn't like it very much."

"NYEH HEH HEH! THE GREAT PAPYRUS THINKS COFFEE TASTES REALLY GREAT! SANS WON'T TOUCH THE STUFF, BUT I FIND IT TRULY DIVINE!" Papyrus said with a giant smile.

Frisk blinked, then signed, 'You add spaghetti to it, don't you?'

"WHY _WOULDN'T _I ADD SPAGHETTI? NYEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!" Papyrus laughing, shaking his head. "I BELIEVE IT IS TIME FOR ME TO MAKE MY EXIT! YORK HAS SOME PAPERS FOR ME, AND I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL NOT REST UNTIL EVERYONE IN THIS CITY HAS A NEWSPAPER!"

Papyrus then stood up, folding the paper in his hand. Then, he jumped forward, spinning around in several circles before tumbling out the window. Luckily, the window was open when Papyrus tumbled out. Papyrus rolled on the ground a few times, then jogged off to work.

"I left it open on purpose," Asgore chuckled. "Today looks like it's going to be a good day, and I wanted the house to feel like we're out in nature, taking in the breeze."

Frisk smiled and nodded in agreement. After a few moments of silence, Frisk signed, 'So where's everyone else? Did they already leave?'

"I believe Alphys and Undyne left earlier to get a head start on the day," Asgore said. "Mettaton is staying here for the day toâ€¦| mmmâ€¦| redecorate. I'm not all too sure where Sans is."

"'Sup?" Sans said. Asgore and Frisk both looked on the ground to

notice Sans lying there. Judging by the fact he had a pillow under his head, it was safe to bet that Sans had fallen asleep right there.

'Why are you sleeping in the dining room?' Frisk asked.

"Why aren't you sleeping in the dining room?" Sans asked back.

Frisk looked at Asgore. 'He makes a convincing argument. I concede,' Frisk signed with a smile.

Asgore chuckled as Toriel walked in the room, holding up a few plates of eggs. She set a plate on the table in front of Frisk and slid one to Sans on the floor. Asgore and Toriel briefly made eye-contact before Toriel sighed and gave Asgore his eggs.

"We're leaving soon, Frisk," Toriel said simply. "You have about ten minutes. I packed your bag for the day. Everything should be there in the bag on the couch in the living room."

"My couch?" Sans asked seriously.

"It's not your couch Sans," Toriel said, rolling her eyes playfully. "You are _sofa _lazy."

"Nice one Tori," Sans chuckled. "These eggs seemed a bit _overly easy _to make. Did you put some work into it?"

"I got _cracking _and I think they came out fine," Toriel giggled.

'Make the puns stop!' Frisk signed to Asgore urgently.

"Not even I can stop once they start," Asgore said simply. He quickly finished his eggs and stood up. "If any of you need me, I'll be out in the garden, working." Asgore left the room, leaving Sans and Frisk alone, since Toriel went back into the kitchen to clean up.

"So, kid, what's on your agenda?" Sans asked. Frisk caught something in Sans' voice, almost as if there was something new to it she hadn't noticed before. But, being a seven year old, her attention span wasn't that big, so she soon forgot about the thought.

'Yep! I get to school, I make a few friends, I do the work, and I make sure the teacher likes me!' Frisk signed cheerfully.

"Sounds like a lot of work kid," Sans sighed. "Too much work. Good thing I get to sit back, relax, and do nothing today."

"Hey Sans?" Toriel called from the kitchen. "I can take Frisk to school today, but Mr. Kind needs to brief me about something after school! Could you please pick Frisk up after she gets out of class today?"

Sans groaned. "So sinks the 'lazing around and doing nothing' plan. Sure Tori, I'll pick up Frisk!"

"Thanks Sans!"

Frisk looked over at Sans, who seemed a little irked. 'You ok Sans?

Sorry I got in the way of your lazy plan,' Frisk signed.

Sans sighed, shaking his head. "Don't worry about it kid. I need the exercise. I want to build some muscle."

'But you're a skeleton.'

"And that means I can't build muscle? Come on Frisk, that's body part racist," Sans said, wagging a finger. Frisk rolled her eyes and jumped off her chair, her eggs completely eaten. Frisk headed for the exit, but before she left, Sans asked, "Where are you going? Aren't you leaving soon?"

'I want to say bye to Flowey real fast! I'll be right up!' Frisk said, rushing for the basement stairs.

Sans frowned as Frisk left. "Stupid flowerâ€¦ you have me thinking. And I hate thinkingâ€¦ pfft, what should I care? He's Flowey. No one cares about him now, so why should I? Not like I care about anything as it is anyway. So why am I worrying about it?"

(Flowey's Room)

Flowey was frowning when Frisk walked into his room. Frisk cocked her head curiously, surprised that Flowey was frowning when nothing had yet happened that morning yet. However, once he noticed Frisk, the flower smiled.

"Hiya Frisk!" Flowey said enthusiastically. "I didn't expect to see you so early! What's up?"

'I just wanted to say good-bye to you before I went to school,' Frisk signed to him. 'Since you can't leave, I wanted to make sure that you had a little attention before I leave you alone.'

"Thanks! I won't be too lonely though. Sans will be here, won't he?" Flowey asked.

Frisk frowned a little. 'I don't think he likes you very much,' Frisk signed. 'No offense, but I doubt he'll come down to talk to you, even if he is here most of the day.'

"That's ok! Besides, i wAnt tO RiP oFF hIs FAcE!" Flowey said, putting on his demon face and laughed evilly.

'Flowey!'

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Flowey giggled, returning his face to normal. "I really couldn't resist that one, honest! I won't hurt Sans, don't worry! You helped me remember good, remember?"

Frisk cautiously looked at Flowey before nodding. 'Think happy thoughts while I'm gone Flowey,' Frisk signed to him. 'I'll see you after school, ok?'

"Sure Frisk! See you later pal!" Flowey said. Frisk nodded and opened the door, making sure it was shut and locked behind her. Once she was gone, Flowey's frown returned onto his face. "Hmphâ€¦ happinessâ€¦ what use is happiness when you can _kill_?" Flowey grumbled, turning his body around so he was looking at the wall.

(School)

Frisk was smiling as Toriel walked her up to the elementary school. Frisk thought the school was super big, but it added to the excitement. Maybe it was because she was seven, or maybe it was because nothing fun had happened since the Underground, but seeing the school so close made her super happy.

'I can't wait mommy!' Frisk signed happily. 'School, school, time to learn!'

Toriel giggled as the two walked inside. "I'm glad you're so excited my dear," Toriel said. She quietly led Frisk down a few hallways until they came to a door. Frisk, being able to read advanced things, managed to read the plaque on the doorway, which read, 'Special Room'. "According to Mr. Kind, this class will have kids who can communicate with you," Toriel said.

Frisk cocked her head to the side curiously. 'What does special mean?' Frisk asked.

"Perhaps it means that you need a little extra attention," Toriel said with a kind smile. "I have to go get things set up for my class. Will you be alright?"

'Of course mommy!'

"Good," Toriel smiled. "If you need me, I'm sure Mrs. Kind in the office will help you find me. Sans will pick you up after school today too. I love you my dear." Toriel kissed Frisk's cheek and walked away to her classroom. Frisk took a deep breath and promptly walked into her classroom.

There were quite a few kids inside, a lot more than Frisk had been expecting. There were a few boys in the back of class, all signing to each other. A few other kids were talking to each other two, some signing, others simply talking and signing. As Frisk assessed the room, she soon realized everyone already had someone else. Worry started to fill her up, and she started to sink back in her mindâ€¦

"Hey, this seat is open!"

Frisk looked up to see a girl with brown pigtails was waving at her. The girl wore a green short sleeved shirt with a red smiley face on it. Looking around, Frisk realized this girl was indeed talking to her. Seeing such a friendly face beckoning to her, it filled Frisk with determination as she walked over and sat down in a seat.

'Hi! I'm Frisk Dreemur! I'm kind of new,' Frisk signed. After signing, she soon realized that this girl might not understand sign language. Frisk went to reach into her bag for a piece of paper, but the girl surprised her with a smile.

"Hi Frisk. I'm Dream Mason," the girl said. Now that Frisk was closer and listening, Frisk realized something. Dream had a deaf accent. Looking down at her hands, Frisk also noticed that Dream was subtly signing to her.

'Oh!' Frisk signed in surprise. Dream giggled, prompting Frisk to explain. 'Sorry, I thought that you didn't understand sign language for a second because you could speak.'

"No, I understand it," Dream smiled. "It's taken a lot of practice to speak, but I still sign. Why do you sign?"

'Can't speak. My vocal cords never developed,' Frisk explained, then giggled. 'That's kind of funny! I can't speak, and you can't hear. Ohâ€¦ I guess that isn't really funny.'

"Nah, it's ok," Dream smiled. "That _is _kindinteresting though. I can be your mouth and you can be my ears. Especially in this classâ€¦"

'Huh? What's wrong withâ€¦' Frisk was about to ask, but right then, someone entered the room, interrupting the conversation.

The woman that entered had short cut blonde hair and was wearing a green shirt. She looked at the class with a depressed sigh, then put on a forced smile. Frisk didn't really understand _why _the smile was forced, but she didn't mind so long as the teacher was happy.

"Good morning class," the teacher said. Frisk noticed that the teacher _didn't _sign, which suddenly made it click. Dream meant Frisk to be her ears because _she couldn't understanding what the teacher was saying_. "Today we have a new student, Frisk Dreemur. I'll be your special teacher, Miss Linda. Do you mind standing up and introducing yourself to the class?"

_There's that word again, _Frisk thought to herself. _What does special _mean _though? Does it mean she teaches advanced things? I am a bit ahead of some of the other kids my age. I mean, I _did _managed to successfully and diplomatically convince everyone in the monster world who attacked me to not hurt me. Not a lot of seven year olds can say they did that._

Frisk stood up, a smile on her face. 'Hey everyone!' she signed. 'My name's Frisk! I live with my monster friends I made in the Underground, I'm seven years old, andâ€¦'

"Quiet hands," Linda said sternly.

Frisk paused, surprised the teacher would interrupt her. _That's weird. I was just about to share some of my experiences in the Underground, _Frisk thought to herself. _And what does quiet hands mean? Maybe she wasn't talking to me, but maybe I should ask to make sure._

'Um, what does quiet hands mean?' Frisk signed to her.

"Frisk, quiet hands!" Linda said, growing more and more frustrated.

_She _is _talking to me. Butâ€¦| what's quiet hands?_

'I'm not sure I understandâ€¦|'

"Frisk, use your words and _stop moving your hands_, " Linda said, practically snapping at her. Frisk jumped a little, very startled.

Linda stood up and roughly grabbed both of Frisk's hands and planted them by her sides. "There. Now keep them there and _don't move your hands_. Now, tell the class about yourself."

_Huh? Butâ€¦ I _can't _tell them without moving my hands, _Frisk thought in a panic. _I can't talkâ€¦ maybe if I try explaining to her that I can't speakâ€¦|_

Frisk began to lift her hands again, desperately wanting to communicate to the teacher that this was the only way she could speak. However, right as she began lifting, Dream stood up. "Miss Linda, Frisk can'tâ€¦" Dream began to say.

"Silence! Let Frisk talk Dream!" Linda said angrily.

"She can't talk!" Dream said, signing along with her words.

"Dream, quiet hands! Be an example to Frisk! And don't misgender him again!" Linda said. Dream 'eeped' and put her hands by her side. "Frisk can too talk, he's just more damaged than the rest of you. Sit down Frisk. We'll have to work on your communication skills later."

_Damaged? I'mâ€¦ damaged? _Frisk thought as she shakily sat down. Frisk looked over at Dream, who gave her a sad smile. _Ohâ€¦ that's what Dream meant. I'm her earsâ€¦ and she's my mouth. Because I can't speak, with my mouth _or _my handsâ€¦|_

(Lunch)

Frisk didn't like admitting that she had had a bad day, even when one was bad. She always picked herself up and tried to turn it around. But the first day of school was most definitely a bad day, and there was nothing Frisk could do to turn it around.

After the failed introduction in class, Frisk managed to follow the lesson Miss Linda had prepared fairly easily. She already knew most of the things that she was teaching, so she figured she could relax a little. But, for some reason, Miss Linda continued to ask Frisk the questions, even when some of the other kids were raising their hands. Frisk, not being able to use her verbal words, always tried to sign her answers, but Linda just yelled at her 'Quiet hands!' and got angrier and angrier at Frisk. Eventually, Miss Linda would move on, but once another question popped up, she tried to get Frisk to speak again.

Dream tried helping her as much as she could, which made Frisk both happy and a bit guilty. Dream, most times, managed to catch what Frisk was trying to say when Frisk signed, and then said it aloud for her. Miss Linda would then chastise Dream for interrupting and then continued on with the lesson.

Though appreciative, Frisk winced every time Dream tried to help her. Dream was the first person who openly gave Frisk a chance, and Frisk felt guilty that Dream was getting yelled at for trying to help her be her voice. Frisk felt like that for the first half of the day, and it made her feel miserable.

Another thing that made Frisk upset was the fact Miss Linda kept misgendering her. Miss Linda always referred to Frisk as a boy, a

damaged boy at that, and that it was understandable that she was as damaged as she was because of her male genes. Time and time again, both Frisk and Dream tried to explain that Frisk was a girl, but every time, Miss Linda either told Frisk 'quiet hands' or Dream that she was being insensitive. It hurt Frisk more when Miss Linda told Dream she was just as damaged if Frisk, although slightly less because Dream was a girl.

Lunch took place outside, which helped Frisk relax a little. Once they had gotten their lunch, they went out a side door outside to the side of the school, which was really well shaded. There was a playground farther out, but Frisk decided to stay in the shade and be away from the others. She was sitting in a little hidden corner of the shade, biting into her sandwich Toriel had packed for her.

"Autism," came a voice. Frisk looked up in surprise to see Dream smiling at her, sliding into her hiding place. "That's what Miss Linda thinks we have. She doesn't even acknowledge anything we have to say about it."

Frisk was silent for a few seconds after hearing that. 'I'm sorry for getting you in trouble,' Frisk signed. 'I didn't mean to get you involved.'

Dream laughed, which made Frisk smile. "Seriously, don't worry about it Frisk," Dream smiled. "Miss Linda is not a good teacher and you didn't deserve that. I don't mind getting yelled at if it means that it helps you."

Frisk smiled at her gratefully. Dream offering to help her out filled Frisk with determination. She could get through this day. She knew she could.

Wellâ€ she did for about five seconds.

"Hey, new kid," came a voice. Frisk looked up to see a boy with brown hair standing there. He was wearing a black shirt with a white skull on it. The skull kind of reminded her of Papyrus, which made her inwardly smile. "Come with me."

The boy left, making Frisk curious. She stood up, but Dream grabbed her hand, looking worried. "Don't trust them," she said. "If things start looking bad, run, ok?"

'I'll be ok,' Frisk reassured her, smiling. Dream nodded, still looking worried as Frisk jogged after the boy. He made his way inside the building, making Frisk even more curious. She followed him all the way until he stopped in front of the bathrooms.

At this point, Frisk realized whatever this boy was up to was not good. Before she could retreat, however, she felt two hands roughly grab her arms. She looked up to see two other boys grab her, both grinning evilly. The first boy laughed, smiling evilly.

"Let's show this guy his place, shall we?" the boy said. The two boys holding Frisk nodded and began to drag her toward the Men's Room. Frisk tried struggling, but it was no use. She couldn't yell for help, so all that she could do was struggle.

The boys dragged her into the bathroom and toward one of the stalls. They forced Frisk to her knees, the main boy smiling evilly. He grabbed Frisk by her hair and forced her head into the toilet in front of her. One of the other boys flipped the lever, making the water swirl around her. All the boys laughed as they watched Frisk struggle against the boy's hand, trying desperately to get free.

What the boys did not know, however, was that Frisk wasn't struggling because she was drowning. On the contrary, she was struggling because she didn't want these boys to dominate over her this easily. Frisk, thanks to the help of Undyne, was able to hold her breath for a few minutes at a time. So while she wasn't drowning, the feeling of her head in the toilet didn't feel very good.

Finally, the boy let go of Frisk's hair. The three boys left the stall, the first one looking back at Frisk as she pulled her head out of the toilet, looking on the brink of tears. "Welcome to School loser. I hope you suffer more and more each day, you damaged little freak!" he laughed and left the bathroom. Frisk silently cried for a few moments as she got up and slowly and cautiously walked out of the bathroom.

Outside, Dream waited for Frisk anxiously. She had been gone for a while and Dream was getting worried. Soon enough, the boy from earlier came out of the school with his buddies, laughing. Dream paled and quickly ran to the doors the boys had come out of. However, standing in the door was Miss Linda, who glared at Dream as she tried to get in.

"No one is allowed in doors," Linda said harshly, shoving Dream back outside. Dream desperately looked inside the school, trying to see Frisk, but Linda shut the door too quickly. "Go play. Damaged children shouldn't just stand gawking at doors," Linda snarled. Dream pouted and went to retreat to the corner, desperately hoping that her new friend was ok.

****(House-Two Hours Later)****

Sans sighed in bliss as he rested on the couch. Looking at the clock, he noticed that school was going to be out in about an hour. Sans sighed again, smiling to himself. "An hour of doing absolutely nothing. Now _that _is how you spend a day," Sans chuckled to himself.

"Sans, darling!" Mettaton said, walking into the living room. "Have you been on that couch _all _day?"

"Yep," Sans nodded. "Nothing else for me _to _do. I mean, sure, I'm picking up Frisk in an hour, but that's a whole _hour _away. Why _tick _away at doing useless work?"

"Why work when you can just be fabulous?" Mettaton giggled. Suddenly, a ringing sound was heard in Mettaton's pocket. Mettaton beamed. "Oh, this must be my debut call! Sans, make-up!"

"I'm a skeleton dude. I don't wear make-up," Sans said flatly.

"Oh, fine! I'll do it without!" Mettaton pouted and pulled out his cell phone. He answered it and put it on speaker with a smile. "Hello

darling, this is Mettaton, the most fabulous star in the Underground!"

Instead of receiving an answer, there was silence on the other side of the phone. Sans and Mettaton frowned at the silence, unsure as to why there was no answer. Then, after a few momentsâ€¦

Clap.

Clap.

Clap.

Click.

Mettaton frowned. "Now what do you supposed that was darling?" Mettaton asked. "Is that how humans conduct interviews?"

Sans thought about it for a moment. "Waitâ€¦" Sans said, getting to his feet. "I think that was Frisk."

"Frisk? Why would Frisk be calling me? I know I'm quite popular, but isn't she supposed to be in school?"

"She is in school," Sans said, looking at the clock. "I'm supposed to pick her up in an hour. But why would she call you now?"

"Why, I don't know darling," Mettaton frowned. "Doesn't Toriel work at the same school?"

"Yeah, but she's probably busy teaching. Knowing Frisk, she probably doesn't want to disturb her," Sans said. After thinking a moment, Sans said, "I don't know what's up, but I'm picking up Frisk now. You coming?"

"Why wouldn't I, my dear Sans?"

(School)

Sans and Mettaton both had made their way to School, with a little help from Mettaton's built in GPS. When both monsters arrive, they were surprised to see Frisk sitting on a bench in front of the school, tears in her eyes. With a brief glance to each other, Sans and Mettaton sat next to Frisk. Frisk weakly smile and hugged both of them. After a few moments of silence, Sans spoke.

"What happened kid? Why'd you call us?"

Frisk didn't sign anything for a few seconds. Then, she signed, 'Am I damaged?'

Sans' and Mettaton's eyes widened. "Of course you aren't darling," Mettaton said reassuringly. "You're fabulous! I'd go as far to say that you're more fabulous than I am!"

"The bot's right kid. You freed an entire kingdom from captivity. You aren't damaged at all," Sans said. "What made you think you were?"

Frisk didn't makes any movements again for a few seconds. 'My teacher and some students,' she finally signed. 'My teacher thinks I can speak and won't let me sign in class because I might have autism, or something like that. The studentâ€¦ put my head in the toiletâ€¦ and everyone thinks I'm a boyâ€¦but I'm not!'

Tears streamed down Frisk's cheeks and she desperately hugged Sans. Sans was surprised she had turned to him and looked up at Mettaton. Mettaton gestured for Sans to wrap his arms around her. Sans did just that, patting her back a little.

"I'm sorry kid," Sans said. "That'sâ€¦ noâ€¦ that's _unacceptable_."

Sans stood up and angrily made his way to the school. Frisk, confused, watched him go. Mettaton giggled, patting Frisk's head. "Looks like someone made a skeleton mad," he said.

(Linda's Class)

Linda was teaching the class when the door flung open. Linda scowled as she turned to the door. "Excuse me, but you're disrupting theâ€¦" Linda began to say, then froze when she saw it was a skeleton, his left eye flashing blue.

"Which of you little brats did it?" Sans said angrily. He then looked up at Linda. "You the teacher?"

"And what monstrosity would you be?" Linda sneered.

"Frisk was right. I don't like you much either," Sans chuckled darkly.

Linda raised an eyebrow. "So you know Frisk then? He isn't in class. The little broken boy never showed up after lunch. Heaven knows why."

Sans' mouth trembled. "Oh, you want to know?" Sans said, his voice teetering from losing it. "_She _was having _her _head getting stuffed in a toilet! And what were you doing? Eating chips, enjoying life?"

Linda scoffed. "Please _don't _tell me you don't know the gender of your own son," Linda said. "And _don't _tell me how to do my job."

Sans' mouth trembled again. "She's not my son. She's my _niece_," Sans said, jangling his bones. "And if you're a teacher, _F-_"

"I don't need to tolerate this nonsense," Linda said, waving her hand. "I'll call the principal this instant and have you removed. And don't think he'll believe you. The kids won't say a word. And they know why, right kids?"

Sans looked at the kids and was quite shocked to find that every single kid in the class was nodding their heads in fear. _What the #\$\$ is this teacher doing to these kids? Is she mind washing them?_ Sans stared disgustedly at every child, as each one was noddingâ€¦

except for one. A small girl toward the front of the class, fearfully not doing anything, looking at Sans. Sans noticed that this girl seemed to be relieved, but also a bit worried. Sans realized that, of the whole class, the only one who had cared about Frisk was probably that one girl.

"Very well," Sans said. "I'll leave." Sans then looked directly at Linda, his sockets blank. "But mark my words Linda. Hurt Frisk again, and I will let you have it."

Sans left the room, taking a few deep breaths to help him calm down. However, as he made his way down the hall, he heard Linda scream, "Dream!" Sans paused and turned around to see the little girl from earlier out in the hallway.

"Is she ok?" she asked. Sans noticed the deaf accent and lightly smiled.

"I'll take care of her kiddo. Don't worry about her," Sans said. "And thank you for caring for her." Dream smiled briefly before Linda came out and roughly dragged her back into class. Linda sneered at Sans and slammed the door. Sans lightly smiled as he went back out to Mettaton and Frisk.

(Flowey's Room)

"Can I kill her?! Please?! lEt mE KiLL hEr!" Flowey screamed in rage. After Sans had brought Frisk home, the first thing they did was talk about a few things and then visit Flowey. Sans was standing by the door while Frisk was talking to Flowey.

'No Flowey,' Frisk signed. 'She's not a good person, but she doesn't deserve to be killed. I didn't kill you, right? What right do I have to kill Miss Linda?'

"NO ONE HURTS MY FRIEND!" Flowey hissed evilly. "Let me out Frisk! LET ME END HER!"

'Flowey, no!' Frisk signed harshly. Flowey paused and sunk back into his pot, still looking pretty ticked off. 'I'm fine for right now.'

"How are you fine? This #\$\$ thinks you're a boy, she called you damaged, and she won't let you speak. How are you remotely fine?" Flowey asked flatly.

'I have a friend who's going to try and help me. I don't want anyone to get involved,' Frisk said. 'It's my problem, not yours. And you can't tell mommy, daddy, Undyne, Papyrus, or Alphys either, ok?'

"Frisk, come on. I'm evil, but even I know limits! You can't solve this problem on your own!" Flowey argued.

'And I won't,' Frisk assured him. 'Sans and Mettaton know, so I'll talk to them about it if I need to. And I always have you too. Just promise you won't tell.'

"I won't promise something soâ€¦"

'Please Flowey?' Frisk signed desperately. Looking at her carefully, Flowey noticed that a tear was rolling down Frisk's cheek. 'I need to do this for myself, ok?'

Flowey sighed, shaking his head. "Fine. But if I get out of this room I'm killing her. Got it?" Frisk nodded and wordlessly left the room. Sans and Flowey looked at each other for a few moments. "You aren't seriously keeping this a secret from Toriel, are you?" Flowey asked him.

"I'm a lazy person who doesn't give #\$% about anything," Sans shrugged. "But don't worry. I met a girl today who'll look after her."

"Hmph. You trust a stranger over Frisk. How reassuring," Flowey grumbled.

"I trust her Flowey to look over Frisk. I trust her more than I trust you," Sans said, opening the door to make his leave.

"And yet Frisk will still suffer."

"No I don't think it'll be as bad as today was."

(Linda's Room)

Upon coming home, Linda had went straight to her room to relax. However, sitting on her bed was a piece of paper. And after reading it, she had worriedly began to make calls, fearfully expecting the worse. For this is what the note read,

Linda,

_I will hunt you down and give you a bad time if you lay a _finger _on my niece again. Frisk is a girl, not a boy, and she is in no way damaged. She's a perfect little girl and nothing can ever change who she truly is._

At Frisk's request, I won't hurt you, nor will I ruin your job. But heed this Linda. Once I get wind that Frisk can't take it anymore, your job will be flying out the window. Nothing will be able to stop me from ruining your life. Think twice before touching my niece Linda.

And don't misgender Frisk again.

Sincerely, a skeleton,

A Frisk Lover

BN: This episode was really on the more serious side of things. I wanted things for Frisk to not be easy, and to do that, I had to give her either a tough home life or a tough school life. Obviously, I chose the latter. Linda, owned by PTA Sans, most definitely isn't going to be giving Frisk an easy time, along with the bullies at the school. However, unlike PTA Sans, I have Sans, Mettaton, and Flowey all there for Frisk if she needs them. Plus, I threw in Dream to be her little pal in school.

**Also, I understand Frisk could have easily beaten the bullies if

she wanted to. Thing was, Frisk doesn't do well with surprise attacks. Remember when Undyne ambushed her? Green attack, boom. I'm sorry if it was rough to watch, but I don't plan on doing anything that harsh again.**

I apologize if some of the characters were out of character a little. For things to work the way I want them to work, they have to go this way. So I hoped you enjoyed it and that you look forward to later installments. (The next few will be funny episodes, so that should be a calm down from this episode.)

Like? Hate? Meh? Let me know via review!

**Next Time: **While Frisk goes off to school for her second day, hoping for the better, Undyne goes off to explore the city a bit more. And discovers something that ticks her off so muchâ€¦ she starts a rebellion. (Frisk/Undyne Episode)

5. Episode 4: Free The Brethren

Disclaimer: I own nothing except for a few of the OCs.

Ben's Note of Sheer Awesome: And again, hi guys! So, going over the last chapterâ€¦ yeesh, I made Frisk's life a lot more depressing and such than I originally meant to. So, to correct this, this episode (originally just Undyne) will feature Frisk and her surviving as well. I feel as though I need to get some foot ground for Frisk so that I can leave her character alone for a while and not have an outcry from you audience memebbers. Undyne will be present as well, just this episode will be split, one half Frisk, one half Undyne. Sorry if this is too complex for you, but this is how my thought process goes.

Shiny Mudkip Gal: Umâ€¦ I'm good with your one account following this fic. Although, if you have friends looking for Undertale stories, please, direct them to this one and ask them to review. The more, the better. And I'm glad you're liking Sans in this story so much. I figured I was writing him incorrectly, but I guess I was wrong! To answer your question, PTA Sans might not necessarily coming in, but certain topics and such might. (Who knows? I might throw in a PTA meeting just for the fun of it. But if I do, keep in mind it more than likely will occur in season two.)

Episode 4: Free the Brethren

Undyne yawned as she woke up in her room. Grumbling to herself, she jumped off her fish like bed, stretching herself a little bit. Her room was covered in weapons, mostly spears. Undyne threw on her black tank-top and jeans, eying her empty armor off to the side.

"Maybe one day I'll be able to wear you again," Undyne sighed. Undyne touched her armor in remembrance and then left her room, heading down the hallway into the kitchen. Inside was Alphys, reading something intently, Frisk, who was quickly eating a bowl of cereal, and Sans, who appeared to be asleep on the floor.

"Why is Sans on the floor?" Undyne asked flatly.

'Don't know! I think he slept here last night because he was too

tired to go to his room,' Frisk guessed.

"M-m-m-m-m-maybe he didn't want to walk the whole w-w-w-w-w-way to the kitchen when he w-w-w-w-w-woke up?" Alphys guessed nervously.

Undyne shrugged and walked to the fridge in the kitchen. She pulled out some V8 juice and promptly chugged the can. "Sans can do whatever, so long as it doesn't get in the way of my thing," Undyne said, crushing the can in her hand. "Hey, punk! What are you planning to do for the day? I can always toughen you up today if you want!"

'Maybe later. Toriel's taking me to school in an hour or so,' Frisk signed. 'But I do want to learn to defend myself if I have to. Maybe when you're free you can teach me some moves?'

"Of course punk! I'll always be willing to teach you to punch stuff!" Undyne said with a mad smile. Alphys swooned, making Frisk giggle. "Alphys, what're you doing?"

"W-w-w-w-well, I was a-a-a-a-a-actually wondering if you c-c-c-c-could come with me somewhere t-t-t-t-today," Alphys fidgeted. "You see, Iâ€¦"

"Of course!"

B-b-b-b-but I d-d-d-didn't even tell you why."

"Do you need to? You're my gal pal! My number one chump! Myâ€¦ g-g-g-girlfriendâ€¦. YEAH! I'll do anything with you!" Undyne said, recovering quickly. Alphys beamed at this and Frisk rolled her eyes while silently giggling.

'I'm going to go talk to Flowey,' Frisk signed, making Alphys blush. Undyne glanced between the two of them and she quickly realized that Frisk and Alphys had planned for Frisk to leave before Undyne came in the room. 'Tell mommy I'm down there when it's time to go.'

Frisk left the kitchen, leaving Alphys and Undyne alone. Undyne looked a little uncomfortable while Alphys looked nervously around the room. It wasn't because Undyne didn't like being with Alphys. On the contrary, she loved Alphys more than anyone. But ever since they had become a 'couple', Undyne found it harder to find conversation topics.

"Soâ€¦" Undyne said awkwardly.

"Umâ€¦ erâ€¦ are we stillâ€¦ f-f-f-f-friends?" Alphys asked.

Undyne blinked in surprise at the question. "Of course we'll still friends!" Undyne said loudly. "Why _wouldn't _we be friends?!"

"It's j-j-j-j-just we haven't reallyâ€¦ y-y-y-y-you knowâ€¦ h-h-h-hung out lately. And I w-w-w-w-was k-k-k-k-kind of thinking it was my f-f-f-f-fault," Alphys said awkwardly.

"No duh we haven't been talking," Undyne said flatly. "We've both got jobs and we work different hours. Hard for us to talk when we aren't both home."

"T-t-t-t-trueâ€¦ but I thoughtâ€¦"

"Alphys, listen," Undyne said. "You're very special to me, honest. I'm not a feely type of girl, butâ€¦ I _feel _for you. It's hard, but I do have feelings for you. I'm not just going to _stop_, ok? I'll always be here for you, promise. Promise you won't forget that Alphys."

Alphys looked at Undyne and gave her a confident smile. "Alright U-U-U-U-Undyne, I promise," she said confidently.

"Good. Nowâ€¦ if I remember rightâ€¦ a few months ago, you and I were about to do something," Undyne said, smirking.

"W-w-w-w-what do youâ€¦ o-o-o-oh," Alphys said, blushing.

"Mhmm," Undyne smirked walking over to Alphys. "And last I checked, the human isn't here."

"O-o-o-o-oh!"

"Mhmmâ€¦"

"I've heard of good night kisses, but good morning kisses seem just as good."

"GAH!" Undyne and Alphys both screamed, Alphys falling out of her chair. Undyne summoned one of her spears and through it at the direction of the voice. Sans had just managed to roll to the side as the spear hit the floor, right on his pillow. Sans chuckled, standing up.

"I'd rather not be a _spear-head_," Sans said.

"PUNK! I'LL RIP YOUR HEAD OFF!"

"Really? I was thinking more along the lines of coffee. Would you two like _decap_?"

"SANS! YOU HATE COFFEE! AND STOP WITH THOSE USELESS PUNS!" Papyrus said, wlaing into the room with a scowl on his face.

"But they're so _punny_."

"N-n-n-n-no offense Sans, but that one is v-v-v-v-very overused."

"You're underused. Come on Undyne, kiss your girlfriend more."

"Why you insufferable skeleton!"

"Don't you mean _inskeletal _skeleton?"

"Papyrus, permission to tear your brother apart?"

"I WOULD LOVE TO, BUT THEN THAT WOULD JUST BE MEAN OF ME, NOW WOULDN'T IT?" Papyrus said. "NOW, FORCE FEDDING HIM SPAGHETTI ON THE OTHER HANDâ€¦"

Undyne gave Sans an evil smirk. "I'll feed it to him with my spear!" Undyne cackled.

"That would just make it _spearghetti."_

"SANS!" everyone yelled.

(Flowey's Room)

"You absolutely _sure _you don't want me to murder your teacher? I will, honest!" Flowey said innocently. Frisk was sitting in the chair on the opposite side of Flowey's glass wall. They were currently talking about school.

'I'm sure Flowey,' Frisk signed. 'I want to do this myself. I have a plan on how to avoid the bullies this time and I always have Dream trying to help me be my voice.'

Flowey pouted. "Please Frisk? I'll only kill her a little! Maybe a few roots through the brain? Please?" Frisk gave Flowey a stern look, making the flower sigh. "Ok, fine" but if Sans comes in here with a hammer and breaks the glass"

'The glass won't break that easy,' Frisk said. 'Alphys said she built it so that there's only one way out, and she's the only one who knows. But I promise, if things get worse, I'll try to convince Alphys to let you out, ok?'

"Fine," Flowey grumbled. "Punch an animal for me today, would you?"

'I'm not doing it Flowey,' Frisk signed, rolling her eyes as she stood up and left the room, locking it behind her, leaving Flowey alone.

_So" only one way out" and Alphys is the only one who knows" no! What are you thinking Flowey? You want to help Frisk, not kill her! Staying in here keeps her safe. But" just in case"

"I need to persuade Alphys to tell me how to get out of here._

(City Museum)

Alphys and Undyne had left the house and decided to go to a museum. Alphys loved the science there and Undyne wanted to see if they had any weapons there she could use. The museum they walked into opened up to a big entrance hall, featuring a gun cabinet. Undyne had rushed over to it and put her face on the glass.

"I want them," Undyne said, her face like that of a puppy face.

Once Alphys had pulled Undyne away from the cabinet (which was a lot harder than it might sound) the couple began to wander around the museum. Alphys learned a few things about human culture and about how they had evolved over the ages while Undyne saw a lot of war equipment. It was kind of hard to tell who was having more fun.

Finally, after about two hours of walking around the museum, Alphys

and Undyne had met back up at a bench in the center. Undyne had a huge grin on her face, which made Alphys smile. "This was _awesome_!" Undyne said. "All these weapons, all this warâ€¦ YES!"

"G-g-g-g-glad you're having fun," Alphys said, blushing. "Umâ€¦ erâ€¦ Undyne?"

"Yeah?"

"I d-d-d-d-didn't bring you out j-j-j-j-just to enjoy the m-m-m-museum. I mean, that w-w-w-w-was a big p-p-p-part of it! I l-l-l-l-love spending time with you! B-b-b-b-but, umâ€¦ there w-w-w-w-w-was another reasonâ€¦"

Undyne frowned. "You aren't about to break up with me, are you? What happened to this morning?" Undyne asked gruffly.

"N-n-n-n-no, nothing like that!"

"Oh, ok. Then what's the big deal? Just tell me. I doubt it'll beâ€¦ thatâ€¦ badâ€¦"

"W-w-w-well, you see, N-N-N-N-N-Neilâ€¦"

"WHAT THE #\$% IS THIS?!"

(Linda's Classroom)

"So everything's going alright?" Toriel asked Frisk as she dropped the girl off at the door. Frisk nodded, giving Toriel the best fake smile she could muster. Toriel nodded with a smile and kissed Frisk's forehead. "I have another meeting tonight, so I'm having Sans pick you up again. That alright?"

'Of course mommy!' Frisk said with a smile. Truth be told, Frisk kind of expected as much. It was the real reason Sans was sleeping in the dining room that morning. It was decided that, between Sans and Mettaton, the two would alternate in picking up Frisk so that Frisk could give them the rundown of her day. Since Sans didn't work that much (Grillby had pretty much given up on getting Sans to work), Sans would pick her up more than Mettaton would.

Toriel nodded with a smile and went off to her classroom. Frisk took a deep breath and walked into the class. Several of the kids glanced at Frisk, then quickly looked away. Frisk looked at her spot from yesterday and couldn't help but smile to see Dream sighing in relief. Seeing her only friend happy to see Frisk alright filled Frisk with determination.

Frisk went to her seat and sat down. She kept noticing some glances at her, but Frisk tried not to let them bother her. Frisk turned to Dream and smiled. 'I'm really sorry about yesterday. I should have let you know that I was alright,' Frisk signed to her.

Dream shook her head, merely smiling in relief. "Don't worry about it Frisk," Dream said. "You're uncle told me that he was looking after you. I'm sorry I wasn't there to help youâ€¦"

'Dream, it's not your fault,' Frisk signed. 'Things yesterday just didn't work out and that's why it didn't end well. But I have people

at home willing to help me and I have you here. Plusâ€¦ Sans helped me with a plan to help Linda stop picking on me, at least a little bit.'

Dream cocked her head to the side. "What plan?" she asked.

"Alright class, shut up and sit down," Linda said, coming in the room. Frisk signed to Dream, 'You'll see', and turned to face Linda. However, Linda noticed Frisk sign and she sighed, shaking her head. "Frisk, quiet hands. Don't move them," Linda said.

Instead of getting upset, Frisk reached into her back and pulled out a note. She walked up to Linda and handed it to her. Linda was surprised at this, but took the note cautiously. She opened it up and read over it.

Miss Linda,

I know you want me to speak. I know you really want me to talk to you so you can treat me like a 'normal' person. But I'm not normal. I'm a little girl who's an oddity. I can't speak, but you just think I'm damaged. I'm not damaged. I'm just a little girl who wants to learn.

You aren't ever going to hear my voice. Instead of pestering me to speak, if you ask me a question, I'll write it down on a piece of paper. You can read my answer to the class if you want, but that's the only way I'm going to be able to answer your questions. If you'll let her, Dream can read the notes for you, since she can speak.

Also, I'm a girl.

You're student,

Frisk, a skeleton lover.

Linda seemed to turn beat red as she read the note. "This is _highly _disrespectful! Frisk, you _will _speak in front of the class rightâ€¦!"

Frisk held up her hand, surprising Linda. Frisk pointed at the note, pointing down. Linda looked back at the note and noticed that there was more to it.

P.S. My Uncle Sans is picking me up today.

"Ughâ€¦ fine. Dream, because Frisk is a trouble maker, I assign you to watch her. If she needs to say something, you can be her mouth if it's important," Linda grumbled. _Stupid skeletonâ€¦ why am I so scared of you?_

(Museum)

Alphys looked up in surprise at Undyne's outburst. However, Undyne was no longer sitting on the bench. Instead, Undyne had stood up and ran forward to a giant tank filled with water. Undyne herself was looking at something moving within the tank.

Fish.

"How _dare _my brethren be oppressed by the humans?!" Undyne said in outrage.

"Um, Undyne? I think they're there b-b-b-b-because they want to be," Alphys said, quickly running up Undyne.

"BLASPHEMY! NO FISH SHALL BE OPPRESSED!" Undyne screamed and stomped off to the front desk. Unsure how far Undyne was going to take this, Alphys timidly followed after her. Undyne reached the front desk and scowled at the lady sitting there. "Who do you think you are?"

"Excuse me?"

"How _dare _you oppress my brethren in such a _primitive _container?" Undyne snarled, pointing to the fish tank. "I _demand _you release them all _at once_!"

The lady glared at Undyne. "Excuse me, but those fish were donated by a very generous man. They will remain in that tank because we own them. Now, either get out of my face or I'll call security."

"Why you little piece ofâ€¦!"

"U-U-U-U-Undyne!" Alphys said worriedly. "Let's, umâ€¦ just n-n-n-n-not get carried awayâ€¦!"

Undyne looked at Alphys and sighed. "Alright," Undyne said, glaring at the women. "But mark my words. My wrath will be upon you soon." Undyne stomped off, leaving Alphys alone to try and catch up with her.

(Papyrus)

Papyrus was walking down the street, carrying a handful of newspapers. He seemed to be enjoying himself as he walked, occasionally throwing a paper to a house. "THIS JOB IS QUITE SATISFYING!" Papyrus said to himself. "IT'S NOT EVERYDAY YOU CAN THROW STUFF AT PEOPLE!"

RING!

Papyrus stopped walking for a moment, scowling. "THAT'S ODD! WHO'D BE CALLING ME NOW?" Papyrus said, reaching into his pocket with his free hand and pulling out his phone. "HELLO? THE GREAT PAPYRUS SPEAKING!"

"Anything _newsworthy _going on?"

"SANS! DON'T CALL ME TO BRING ME DOWN WITH YOU BLASTED PUNS!"

"Sorry Pap, couldn't resist."

"YES, SANS, YOU VERY WELL COULD HAVE!"

"Anyway, are you still doing that paper route thing?"

"OF COURSE I AM SANS! UNLIKE YOU, I ACTUALLY DO WORK!"

"Do you have any spare papers?"

"OF COURSE I DO! I ALWAYS GRAB A FEW EXTRAS, NYEH HEH HEH!"

"Good. I have a favor to ask of you."

"DOES IT INVOLVE PUNS?"

"Nope."

"THEN FIRE AWAY!"

"Just don't get _burned out _by the request."

"SANS!"

(Lunch)

Frisk had made it through half her day. Miss Linda improved a little bit, allowing Dream to speak for her this time. Linda still made the mistake of calling Frisk a boy, but Frisk got over it. The one thing that still bugged Frisk was the fact Linda kept calling her damaged for not speaking. Frisk decided to leave this alone though. Things were at least decent, so she didn't want to push it.

Currently, Frisk was eating her packed lunch next to Dream in their little out cove. They were both eating quietly, deciding not to disturb each other. After a few minutes, Dream asked, "You sure you're ok?"

'Yep! I'm eating a sandwich and Miss Linda isn't nearly as bad as she was yesterday,' Frisk signed.

"She still thinks you're a boyâ€|"

'We know she's wrong. That's really all that matters,' Frisk shrugged. 'Just promise me something.'

"Anything."

'Besties forever?'

Dream giggled. "Of course," Dream said, hugging Frisk. Frisk smiled and hugged her back. Having a friend as great as Dream be her best friend filled Frisk with determination.

"Aw, look! The little brat thinks he found love!" came a voice. Frisk looked at the entrance and noticed the boy from yesterday standing there, smirking. "Punk! Stay away from that girl! All women are _my _property."

Frisk scowled. Who did this think he was? Everyone was free, no one owned anyone else. Undyne taught her that more than anyone. As Frisk angrily looked at this boyâ€| she formed a plan.

'Translate for me,' Frisk signed to Dream and began to sign a rant to the boy.

"Frisk says you shouldn't go pushing girls around," Dream

said.

"Excuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuse me?"

"She says that you don't own anyone except for yourself."

"Ha! I own _everyone _in this school! I even took on this punk yesterday!"

'Frisk said you took her on unfairly.'

"It was totally fair. I just had more people on my side than she did.'

"Sheâ€| sheâ€| Frisk, no!"

The boy scowled. "What?" he asked impatiently.

"Friskâ€| wants to fight you. One on one. No cheating, just you and her."

The boy thought about this for a moment. "Fine. If I win, he has to let me do anything I want to you and make him _watch_," he smirked evilly.

Dream paled and desperately looked at Frisk. "I don't want him to hurt me," Dream whispered.

Frisk signed, 'Trust me. I've dealt with tougher people than him.'

Dream took a shaky breath. "Frisk agrees," she said. Dream saw Frisk sign something else, making Dream giggle. "She also says that if you lose, not only does she get to give you a swirlie, but you have to tell the whole school that Frisk is a girl."

"Pfft, but he isn't!"

"Then don't lose," Dream said.

"Fine!"

Frisk gave Dream a confident smile and slid out from behind their hiding place. Instantly, Frisk jumped out of Dream's line of sight, making Dream jump in surprise. The boy grunted, shaking his head. "She's a #\$\$ smart oneâ€|"

It took a moment for Dream to realize that someone _else _was hiding on the other side from where Frisk was. Frisk must have known the boy was going to cheat, hence why she dodged. "You said you were going to fight fair!" Dream said.

"I lied, didn't I?" the boy laughed. The boy walked over to Frisk, looking down at her. "Beating you up is going to be fun." The boy raised his fist and flung it at Friskâ€|

â€|only to punch the brick wall instead. "OW!" the boy screamed. Frisk giggled as she quickly slid behind him. The boy recovered and tried to punch Frisk again, only to miss as Frisk expertly dodged again. The boy did this several times, each time missing his mark.

Frisk only smiled at him each time he missed, not even coming close to returning fire.

"Stay still you #\$% runt," the boy snarled.

'No thanks,' Frisk signed as she dodged another one of his attacks.

"Ugh! Port! Help me beat this #\$% idiot up and show him his place!" the boy said.

"Right Timmy!" the other boy said and rushed to attack Frisk. However, Timmy decided to attack Frisk at the same time. As the two charged, Frisk simply shrugged and fell forward onto her stomach. The two boys punched each other, knocking both of them backward.

Frisk stood up and dusted herself off as the two boys moaned in pain. 'I think I won,' Frisk signed. Dream, who had slowly come out of her hiding place, cheered. Frisk walked up to Timmy with a smile on her face. 'Don't underestimate girl power. It kicks butts.'

Timmy groaned as Dream translated for her. "Ughâ€| Frisk is a girlâ€| there. I said it. Don't think I'm ever saying it again."

'Fair enough,' Frisk signed and skipped back toward Dream.

"Aren't you forgetting something swirly related?"

'Yep!' Frisk signed. 'But that's called mercy! Learn some of it sometime! I didn't become the ambassador for human and monster relations by fighting, now did I?'

(Museum)

"U-U-U-Undyne!" Alphys called nervously. After having talked to the woman at the front desk, Undyne had managed to shake Alphys, leaving the dinosaur lost and alone. Alphys had checked everywhere, mostly the weaponized areas, but Undyne was nowhere to be found.

"W-w-w-w-where is that lovely fish?" Alphys said nervously. "Knowing h-h-h-h-her, nothing good will h-h-h-h-happen if she's alone in a p-p-p-p-place filled with weaponsâ€|"

Alphys quickly passed by the bench she and Undyne were on earlier, sliding past the aquarium. However, she soon stopped in her tracks and slowly backtracked. Standing on top of the aquarium was Undyne, holding a giant spear.

"U-U-U-U-Undyne! D-d-d-d-don't!" Alphys said, paling.

"No one holds my brethren in captivity!" Undyne said, a wicked smile on her face. "THEY SHALL BE FREE BY ME, UNDYNE, EX-CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD! FHUHUHUHU!"

Undyne leveled her spear and slammed it into the glass. She did it so fast that the glass didn't shatter right away, it only cracked. Undyne scowled and started to turn her spear, making the crack grow bigger.

"Undyne! D-d-d-d-don't!"

"No one oppresses my people! NO ONE!" Undyne said angrily, roughly grabbed her spear.

"N-n-n-n-n-no!"

Undyne yanked the spear out of the glass, smiling evilly. The glass instantly shattered, spewing the water and the fish out of the aquarium. Undyne laughed in victory as the fish were flooded right to the front entrance, out the door, and down to the sewage drain. "BE FREE MY BRETHERN! BE FREE!"

"Security!"

Undyne paused and then looked at Alphys. "Uh ohâ€¦" she said.

"Umâ€¦ y-y-y-yeahâ€¦ I was g-g-g-going to warn youâ€¦ b-b-b-b-but you were t-t-t-t-to determined," Alphys stuttered.

"Yeahâ€¦ I need to work on listening to you," Undyne said, rubbing the back of her head. "Think we should run?"

"Umâ€¦ y-y-y-y-yeah."

(Linda's Room)

The school day was almost over, and the students were all excited for it. Frisk took a deep breath, a smile on her face. She had survived the day, which, compared to yesterday, was a very big improvement. Sure, some things could have gone better, but with Dream as her interpreter, she seemed to be getting along fair enough.

Frisk also helped Dream a little bit. Dream was ok at reading lips, which was why she was able to somewhat understand what Miss Linda was teaching. But since Frisk could hear everything, she wrote down a few notes that Dream missed, letting the deaf girl copy them down. Dream thanked Frisk for doing it, which filled Frisk with determination.

About ten minutes before the end of class, something peculiar happened. Frisk was signing to Dream (making sure Linda didn't see her) when she saw a flash of red in the corner of her eye. Frisk turned and saw Papyrus standing outside the window, waving at Frisk with a big smile. Frisk smiled at seeing her friend and waved back. Dream noticed the skeleton and giggled.

"Who's that?" Dream asked.

'My Uncle Papyrus,' Frisk signed. 'He's Sans' brother. Althoughâ€¦ I don't know why he's hereâ€¦'

"WHY, ALLOW ME TO ANSWER THAT FOR YOU FRISK!" Papyrus said, loud enough to penetrate the window. Linda heard this and looked up, scowling when she saw Papyrus. "I CAME HERE TO GIVE YOU A FREE NEWSPAPER!"

"You!" Linda said, pointing at the skeleton. "Off of school property, you _monster_. You're scaring the children, you _evil, retched, beast!" _

"HOW SADDENING YOU SEE YOURSELF IN THAT WAY!" Papyrus said, giving Linda a pity smile. "PERHAPS I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER!"

"_Leave!_"

"I HAVE A BETTER IDEA!" Papyrus smiled. Papyrus grabbed one of his extra newspapers and held it up. Frisk, suddenly understanding what was going on, signed, 'Hit the deck!' Dream quickly translated this for everyone, and all the kids dove under their desks.

__**SMASH!**__

Papyrus had thrown the newspaper threw the window, breaking it. It flung past the glass and right at Linda's face. The paper knocked the woman backward, sending her to the floor. Papyrus gasped, holding his cheeks.

"NYOH HO HO!" Papyrus said. "I'M AFRIAD I MIGHT HAVE GONE A BIT TOO FAR!"

"Nah, I thought that entrance was rather _smashing_," Sans winked, suddenly appearing next to Papyrus.

"SANS! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?!"

"I walked."

"OHâ€| THAT MAKES SENSE!"

Dream looked over at Frisk, smiling a big smile. "You're uncles are so cool," she said.

'I know!' Frisk giggled.

(Undyne and Alphys)

The two girls had fled from the museum (Undyne convincing Alphys to travel via sewer for a little bit) they found another bench in a park to rest on. The two girls sat next to each other in silence, not saying anything. After a while, Undyne sighed.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I got a bitâ€| carried away."

"D-d-d-d-don't worry about it," Alphys said, smiling gently. "You h-h-h-h-had a cause you wanted to p-p-p-p-peruse and you d-d-d-d-did. It's why I l-l-l-l-like you."

Undyne smiled at Alphys gratefully. "Oh, hey, you wanted to tell me something," Undyne said. "What was it?"

"Ohâ€| umâ€| wellâ€| N-N-N-N-N-Neil wanted me to g-g-g-g-get more familiar with the S-S-S-S-Surface," Alphys said. "I w-w-w-w-wanted to tell youâ€| umâ€| that Neilâ€| uhâ€| he w-w-w-wants to send me to J-J-J-J-Japan for a few days!"

Undyne thought about this for a few moments. "And?" Undyne asked.

"Umâ€¦ wellâ€¦ you seeâ€¦ Neil offered me t-t-t-two plane ticketsâ€¦ and I was w-w-w-wondering ifâ€¦ you w-w-w-wanted to g-g-g-go with me," Alphys said.

Undyne blinked. "Really?" Undyne asked. "Sure! Why _wouldn't _I go with you? Onlyâ€¦ what's in Japan?"

Alphys bit her lip. "Umâ€¦ Neil saidâ€¦ uhâ€¦ it's whereâ€¦ umâ€¦ anime was invented."

.

..

â€¦

"Alphys, we're going to Japan."

"Yep."

"We're buying all the anime we can."

"Yep."

"And we're buying a badass sword."

"Yep."

"You're the best girlfriend ever."

"W-w-w-well, I wouldn't s-s-s-s-say bestâ€¦"

"You're the best. Deal with it."

"Ok!"

The two girls smiled at each other, happy that everything had come together. After a few more moments of silence, Undyne had a thought. "You knowâ€¦ we haven't had that kiss yetâ€¦" Undyne said.

"O-o-o-oh!" Alphys said, blushing. Undyne leaned forward and Alphys did too. The two were about to meet lip contactâ€¦

â€¦ "This burger is _lip-smacking_."

"SANS!" Undyne roared, turning around to see Sans walking with Frisk and Papyrus, the former of the two eating burgers. Sans gave Undyne a wink, making her fume. Alphys timidly waved at Frisk, who waved back with a smile.

"Sure hope I didn't _kiss-up _to Grillbz this time to add more to my tab," Sans said, winking at Undyne again.

"I'M GOING TO KILL YOU SANS!"

"Umâ€¦ c-c-c-c-c-could you not?"

"Yeah Undyne. Wouldn't want to _make-out _with my life

essence."

"â€|You c-c-c-can slap him a l-l-l-l-little."

"YOU'RE DEAD PUNK!" Undyne yelled, jumping over the bench and running toward Sans. Sans shrugged and walked behind a tree. Undyne followed after himâ€| only to notice that Sans wasn't there. "Huh?!"

"Come on guys. I know a short-cut," Sans said. Undyne turned around to see Sans leading Papyrus and Frisk behind another tree. Undyne scrambled and tried to catch them, but as before, the three disappeared, gone without a trace.

"Stupid short-cuts," Undyne grumbled. However, she suddenly blushed with Alphys kissed her cheek, blushing a deep shade of red herself.

"Y-y-y-y-your welcome," Alphys blushed.

"â€| #\$. Didn't expect my first kiss would be where I was the receiver," Undyne chuckled. "Thanks Alphys. Best girlfriends ever?"

"S-s-s-s-s-sure!"

** (Flowey's Room) **

"And no one died?"

'No Flowey. It was kind of like my fight with Undyne, only with two people and both of them were both complete idiots and neither one smelled like fish,' Frisk signed. She, upon getting home, immediately went to Flowey's room to fill him in. Sans, like normal, stood in the back of the room. 'It was kind of fun if you think about it.'

"At the very least you should have given him a swirly! I rememberâ€| never mind. Point is, swirlies aren't fun!" Flowey said flatly. "Give it to him! Make him drown! MAKE HIM DIE!"

'Flowey,' Frisk signed.

"Right, right, sorry," Flowey sighed. "It's not easy keeping that in me, you know? Kind of why I'm in here and you're out there. Keeps the murderer in and lets the good out."

'You're good Flowey! I know you are, deep down,' Frisk signed. 'Maybe we can find a way to extract the good and destroy the bad.'

Flowey flinched, something Frisk didn't notice. Flowey quickly said, "Nah, don't worry about me Frisk. Go draw a dying bunny and live your life. I'm perfect down here, rotting away. This is what I deserve. Go have fun living your life."

Frisk hesitated for a moment. 'You deserve to be forgiven,' Frisk signed. 'I could have killed you, but I didn't. Remember that Flowey. If I have it in my heart to forgive you, you have it in your heart to change. See you tomorrowâ€| Asriel.'

Flowey flinched again as Frisk left the room. Sans looked at Flowey for a moment before opening the door. At first Flowey thought Sans

saw the name Frisk had spelled. He was partially relieved when he said something else. "Can't kill the bad without killing the good, can you Flowey?" he asked.

"And how would you know?"

"Can't make me care without hurting me," Sans shrugged. "Either I don't care or I get hurt. No other ways for me to go."

"We both know that's a load of crap."

"Maybe. But guess what Flowey? You're full of crap too."

"And least I care about Frisk."

Sans laughed, making Flowey scowl. "Sure you do. At least until you get what you want. Don't fool yourself Flowey. We both are using Frisk for our own selfish purposes. Don't fool yourself in thinking otherwise," Sans said and left the room, leaving Flowey alone.

****BN:** Ok, I think I fixed Frisk's character enough to leave her here for now. I also kind of wanted a fun little scene with Undyne trying to free random fish because they were her 'brethern'. I feel as though this episode had a fun twist to it, even in the Frisk portion of this episode. Undyne is a serious character, one I feel not a lot of people take as seriously as I do. I turned something we might see as funny and turned it into something a bit more serious for Undyne. If you remember in Neutral, Undyne hates you for killing ****_**one _**monster**. I feel as though humans oppressing fish in aquariums would kind of set off that protective side of Undyne that she has to every monster. I feel as though, while funny, Undyne needed to kind of be recognized as a protective monster who looks out for everyone, even simple fish. I hope you enjoyed it!******

****Like? Hate? Meh? Let me know via review!****

****Next Time:** ****Papyrus** loves volunteering for York's newspaper stand. However, when a pal of York's working in a book store across the street needs to leave town for a day or two, Papyrus volunteers to fill in for him. This can either go well or super bad. (Papyrus Episode)

6. Episode 5: Book Store

****Disclaimer:** I own pretty much nothing except for a few stray OCs.******

****Ben's Note of Sheer Awesome:** Ok, so I obviously did something right in the last chapter because apparently everyone decided to favorite me and this story, so that made me super happy! I think that it might be the relationship between Sans and Flowey, but for all I know, it was probably Undyne saving her fish brethren.******

****Shiny Mudkip Gal:** Glad you loved the chapter! I take it Sans must be your favorite character because you mention him every single time he has a main role in the chapter. (Which is most chapters.)******

Episode 5: Book Store

Waking up never really was Sans' favorite time of day. He always slept until he eventually couldn't sleep any longer, pulling himself out of bed. It was a great system, mostly because Sans didn't really have a reason to get out of bed in the morning. That was how things always were and that was how he planned for them to be.

Untilâ€¦

"WAKE UP SANS!" came a cheerful voice. Sans groaned, covering his head with the blanket he was using. He was currently sleeping in the dining room, waiting for Toriel to get up. He hated waiting, especially on a hard floor, but he wanted first dibs on picking up Frisk since Mettaton was busy. However, waking up now was not on his mind.

Sans groggily opened his eyes to see Papyrus smiling down at him. Sans groaned, rubbing his eyes a little bit more. "Pap, why'd you crush my dreams?" Sans grumbled.

"I'M NOT ALL TOO SURE IF THAT WAS A PUN, BUT EVEN IF IT WASN'T, I DIDN'T FIND IT FUNNY!" Papyrus said, still sounding quite cheerful. Sans forced his eyes awake and noticed that Papyrus was sitting at the table eating something. And that somethingâ€¦

â€¦was spaghetti.

"Bro, you need to _ghetti _another favorite food," Sans said. "It's not breakfast."

"SANS, DEAR BROTHER, SPAGHETTI IS DELICIOUS! AND SO IS MY HOT BOD! THEREFORE, WE GO PERFECT WITH EACH OTHER! NYEH HEH HEH!" Papyrus said happily.

"Why are you so cheerful?"

"WELL SANS, THAT'S ACTUALLY QUITE A LONG STORY," Papyrus said. "BUT, AS I HAVE WORK AND YOU HAVE TO GO DOâ€¦ NOTHING, I SUPPOSE, I WILL MAKE THIS LONG STORY VERY SHORT! I HAD A DREAM!"

"I was having one too and you woke me up. Continue," Sans said flatly.

"WELL, IN THIS DREAM, I WAS WORKING MY NORMAL PAPER ROUTE!" Papyrus explained. "FOR SOME REASON, I HAD GOTTEN FINISHED WITH IT EARLY! SO, I DECIDED TO COME HOME AND RELAX! AND WHEN I DID SANS, I REALIZED THAT HOME IS WHERE MY FAMILY IS! YOU GUYS ARE MY FAMILY! SO, IN CONCLUSION, THE REASON WHY I AM HAPPY IS BECAUSE I AM HOME!"

Sans blinked. "Wow Papâ€¦ that was pretty deep," Sans admitted.

"WHY THANK YOU SANS!" Papyrus beamed.

"Do I make you feel _homely_?"

"I OFFICIALLY UNTHANK YOU SANS!"

"Welcome. I'll be hereâ€¦ allâ€¦ dayâ€¦ long. Doing what I do best."

"NOTHING?"

"I was going to say meditate, but nothing sounds better, I'll go with that bro," Sans nodded.

"GAH! YOU ARE SO USELESS SOMETIMES!" Papyrus grumbled, standing up with his plateful of spaghetti. "IF YOU NEED ME SANS, DON'T CALL! I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT ROUTE!"

"Rightâ€¦ I hear you as clear as crystal. As clean as a whistle. As _thin as paper_."

"SANS!"

"Couldn't resist that one, sorry," Sans shrugged. "I won't call you, promise bro."

"YOU BETTER NOT! I'VE BROKEN TOO MANY WINDOWS TO AFFORD BREAKING MORE! I'M LUCKY I STILL HAVE SOME EXTRA CASH FROM BACK IN THE UNDERGROUND TO USE TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE!"

Sans raised an eyebrow. "Where'd you get gold from?" Sans asked.

"UNDYNE LEANT ME SOME MONEY A FEW TIMES! WE WERE TIGHT AND I DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO BUG YOU SINCE YOU'RE SO LAZY! I CONVERTED THE CASH TO HUMAN CURRENCY, SO I USE THAT ONLY IN EMERGENCIES!"

"Huhâ€¦ I seeâ€¦ well, I better not get in the way of your route bro," Sans said. "Have a _newsworthy _day today!"

"STOP THOSE INFURIATING PUNS!"

** (York's Newspaper Stand) **

York was just opening his stand when he felt a tingle run down his back. York chuckled, turning around to see Papyrus walking up to him with a big smile. "Back again?" York asked.

"OF COURSE! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AM A SKELETON OF MY WORD!" Papyrus smiled. "BESIDES, I DON'T HAVE ANOTHER JOB AND I QUITE ENJOY THROWING PAPERS! WHO KNEW IT WOULD BE SO SATISFYING? NYEH HEH HEH!"

York chuckled, shaking his head. "You know Papyrus, you're my favorite volunteer. I've never seen anyone as happy as you in delivering papers. Here, I have your free paper, as we agreed," York said, tossing the skeleton his paper.

"OH? DON'T YOU NORMALLY GIVE ME THE PAPER _AFTER _MY ROUTE?" Papyrus asked in confusion.

"Normally, yeah. But see, I kind have a favor for ya," York said. He pointed across the street, making Papyrus turn. Across the street was a book store call 'Book Store'. Papyrus blinked a few times.

"WHY DO I GET THE FEELING ASGORE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT NAME?" Papyrus asked.

"No idea. Anyway, point is, a pal of mine suddenly had to leave town

for a few days," York said. "He wanted to keep the store open today though because a class is going on a field trip to it. He's trying to find a volunteer to keep the store open so the kids can have their fun. I have to operate my newspaper stand so I can't help him out. But since you're just a volunteer, I thought that maybeâ€¦"

Papyrus grinned. "NYEH HEH HEH! FEAR NOT YORK! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SHALL HELP OUT YOUR FRIEND!" Papyrus said. "ALL I HAVE TO DO IS OPERATE THE CHASIER, CORRECT?"

"Yep, that's what my buddy said. He should be back sometime this evening and he'll take over from there," York said with a smile. "Thanks Papyrus. You're really helping him out here."

"NOT A PROBLEM FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS!" Papyrus said. "AND GUESS WHAT? I HAVE THE BEST OUTFIT FOR THIS! ONE MOMENT!"

Papyrus dashed off into an empty ally, making York wait. When Papyrus came back, he was wearing a red turtleneck that read _Volunteer_. "HOW IS THIS?" Papyrus said with a smirk.

"Nice. Make it yourself?" York asked.

"OF COURSE! I ORIGINALLY INTENDED TO WEAR IT FOR PAPER DELIVERING, BUT THIS WORKS JUST AS WELL!" Papyrus said. "I'LL STILL WORK HERE TOMORROW, THOUGH, RIGHT?"

"Of course. Like I said, you're my favorite volunteer. I wouldn't give you up for anything," York smiled. He quickly checked his watch and nodded. "The school should be coming around in about an hour. My friend already knows I was going to get someone, so just walk right in. Don't worry about a thing."

"RIGHT! THANK YOU YORK!" Papyrus smiled and strolled across the street. Several cars almost hit him, but they always managed to swerve out of the way, barely missing him. York chuckled when Papyrus got to the other side and waved to him.

"That skeleton. Cracks me up every time," he said.

** (Half Hour Later) **

Papyrus was standing behind the counter, admiring the book store. It was fairly big with many different books. Papyrus took his place behind the counter with a smile on his face, waiting for the children to come in. As of current, a few customers had come in, but they hadn't bought anything. Papyrus wasn't sure if it was because he was a skeleton or if he smelled bad.

"PROBABLY MY SMELL!" Papyrus decided. "I _DID _FORGET TO SHOWER THIS MORNING! MY BAD!"

After a few minutes of standing behind the desk, the door opened. Several kids with a few young ladies walked into the room. Papyrus flashed them all a hearty grin. "WECLOME TO BOOK STORE!" Papyrus said. "I'M YOUR HAPPY VOLUNTEER SKELETON STANDING BY WITH ANY QUESTIONS YOU MAY HAVE!"

"Papyrus!" someone called. Papyrus' eyes turned toward the voice and saw a girl had called him. Next to this girl was Frisk, who waved at

him. Papyrus' grin widened.

"NYEH HEH HEH! HELLO YOUNG FRISK!" Papyrus said with his smile intact.

"Umâ€¦ excuse me," came a haughty voice. Papyrus' eyes went to a blonde woman, who he recognized as the teacher he ran into a few days before. "Butâ€¦ why exactly are you here?"

"OH HO HO! I'VE BEEN CALLED IN AS A VOLUNTEER FOR THE DAY!" Papyrus said. "NO WORRIES! I HAVE IT ALL UNDER CONTROL!"

"Uh huh, sure you do," the teacher grumbled. "Stay away from the kids, alright?"

"ALRIGHTY!" Papyrus saluted. "NO KID WILL BE CLOSE TO PAPYRUS! I PROMISE!"

"Hmph," the teacher grumbled, then addressed the students. "Alright, you children are free to explore the book store. You each have three dollars to spend, got it? Parent chaperones, keep an eye on your childrenâ€¦ especially when they _buy _the books," the teacher said, eying Papyrus in annoyance.

Papyrus grinned as the kids ran off, the parents following after them. Frisk and the girl walked up to the counter, Frisk smiling. 'No newspaper today?' Frisk asked.

"OH CONTRE LITTLE HUMAN!" Papyrus smirked, pulling his daily newspaper out and tossing it to Frisk. "YORK ASKED ME TO WATCH THIS STORE FOR A FRIEND OF HIS TODAY! GAVE ME MY PAPER EALRY!"

"You read that?" Dream asked in surprise.

'Yep! Papyrus wants to find a paying job at some point, so he lets me go through some of his papers to help him,' Frisk signed to her. 'Oh, Uncle Papyrus, this is my friend Dream. She interprets for me in class and I write down some notes for her since she can't hear them.'

"NICE TO MEET YOU LITTLE HUMAN!" Papyrus said, holding up his hands and signing for her, making Dream beam.

"You sign?" Dream asked.

"OF COURSE! NOT ONLY DO I HAVE TO INTERPRET FOR FRISK, BUT I PICKED IT UP SINCE MY BROTHER'S BEST FRIEND ALSO SIGNS!" Papyrus explained via sign language.

"Oh, that makes sense!" Dream said, giggling. "I loved when you threw a paper at my teacher a few days ago! She had it coming for her!"

"WHY THANK YOU HUMAN! NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE GREAT PAPYRUS AND A NEWSPAPER!" Papyrus smiled.

"Frisk! Dream!" the teacher said, angrily stomping toward the girls. "Get away from this _monster_."

"NYEH HEH HEH! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, MEANT NO HARM TO YOUNG FRISK AND

DREAM!" Papyrus explained. "IN FACT, YOUNG FRISK IS MY FRIEND! SHE LIVES WITH ME AND MY BROTHER, ALONG WITH MY OTHER FRIEND, UNDYNE, AND A FEW OTHERS!"

The teacher sneered. "You must be that other skeleton's brother," she grumbled. "Stay away from the children."

"RIGHT, YOU SAID THAT!" Papyrus said. "BUT, YOU SEE, FRISK IS TECHNICALLY FAMILY! SO, TECHNICALLY, I CAN TALK TO HER ALL I WANT!"

The teacher winced. "You misgender Frisk too?" the teacher grumbled. "At least you being a complete idiot makes sense on why you would do it."

"I'M SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT YOURSELF!" Papyrus said apologetically. "ANYWAY, I'M AFRAID THAT THIS TEACHER MAY BE CORRECT FRISK! PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GO EXPLORE!"

'Ok! Nice seeing you Papyrus!" Frisk signed.

"Frisk, quiet hands!" the teacher scolded.

"QUIET HANDS?"

'Umâ€¦ I'll explain later.'

"Quiet hands!"

The teacher, Frisk, and Dream all walked off, leaving Papyrus all alone, watching the kids explore the store. After thinking for a few minutes, Papyrus grabbed his phone and dialed a number. After a few rings, someone picked up.

"Sup? Sans speaking."

"SANS, I HAVE AN IMPORTANT QUESTION FOR YOU!" Papyrus said. "WHAT IS THIS 'QUIET HANDS' I JST HEARD FROM THAT BLONDE LADY WHO TEACHES FRISK?"

There was silence on the other side of the phone. "Where are you?" Sans asked.

"A BOOK STORE I'M WORKING AT FOR THE DAY!"

"Crap. I was supposed to chaperone for that."

"SANS! YOU LAZY BONES!"

"Yeah, I know. To answer your question, the teacher thinks Frisk is autistic, not mute. She thinks Frisk's signing is Frisk having spasms in her hands."

Papyrus blinked. "BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT FRISK HAS AT ALL!"

"I know, but she wants me to keep it quiet. Don't tell anyone, alright?"

"BUT SANS!"

"No buts. The kid's running the show, not me," Sans said simply.
"Look, if Linda complains about me not being there, tell her to get dunked on for me, alright? Later bro."

Sans hung up the phone. Papyrus shut his phone and set in his pocket. He turned his head to look at Frisk, who was signing to Dream when the teacher, Linda, wasn't looking. Dream giggled, making Papyrus smile lightly. "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS ALONE FRISK! BUT YOU SEEMS FINE FOR NOW! I WON'T WORRY ABOUT YOU UNLESS YOU ASKS ME TOO!"

**(A Little Later!)

Papyrus continued to mostly avoid speaking to the kids as Linda had instructed. Some of the kids came up to him to purchase some books and Papyrus gave them light smiles and helped them purchase them. Linda had avoided Papyrus for the most part, which seemed fine between the human teacher and the skeleton.

After a while, a small pale skinned girl came up to Papyrus' counter. She wore a red shirt and had two black pigtails. She smiled up at Papyrus and put a book and some money on his desk. "Hi," the girl said timidly.

"WELL HELLO THERE YOUNG HUMAN! FIND A BOOK YOU LIKED?" Papyrus asked her with a smile.

"Yep! you won't hurt me, right?"

"OF COURSE NOT! ACCORDING TO MY FRIEND UNDYNE, I'M TOO NICE!" Papyrus said. "PLUS, I'VE LEARNED THAT HUMANS ARE REALLY GREAT! ALMOST AS GREAT AS ME!"

"I thought you were good. I mean, my mom said you were, anyway," the girl said with a small smile.

"OH? YOUR MOTHER HAS HEARD OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS?"

"No! but she always tells me that monsters aren't scary," the girl said to him. "You're pretty nice, so maybe she was right."

"LISTEN YOUNG HUMAN! ALL MONSTERS ARE NICE, EVEN THE ROUGHER EDGED ONES! NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU BY A MONSTER! I PROMISE!" Papyrus said.

The girl seemed to be appeased by this and she smiled a big smile at Papyrus. Papyrus smiled back and looked down at the book and the money. Glancing at the price tag, he winced. Four dollars. The girl only had three dollars to spend. Papyrus looked to the girl and then back at the money.

_U! I'M NOT ALL TOO SURE WHAT TO DO, _Papyrus thought to himself. THIS YOUNG HUMAN DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY THIS BOOK! BUT I JUST TOLD HER THAT NO MONSTER WOULD HURT HER! HMM!

Papyrus reached into his pocket and pulled out a wallet. It was a red wallet with mini faces of Papyrus sewn on it. Papyrus opened it and pulled out a dollar and set in on the girl's money with a smile. "YOUNG HUMAN," Papyrus said. "ALONE, YOU DO NOT HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO PURCHASE THIS BOOK! BUT, YOUNG HUMAN, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, BELIEVE

IN HELPING THOSE IN NEED! SO, I WILL PAY ONE DOLLAR TO HELP YOU ENJOY THIS BOOK!"

The little girl seemed to beam. This filled with him with determination as he put the money in the cash register and handed the girl her book. "Thanks Mr. Papyrus," she said gratefully and walked over to one of the parent chaperones. Looking up at her, Papyrus realized that she was looking at him the whole time. The little girl said something to her, and the parent smiled over at Papyrus, who simply waved back.

The rest of the shift was pretty uneventful. Papyrus helped some of the kids buy some more books and he did it with a smile on his face. A few minutes before the class was about to leave, Papyrus heard a surprised cry. Papyrus turned and saw the little girl from earlier was distraught as a kid with shaggy brown hair and a black shirt with a skull was holding her newly brought book high up in the air.

"Ha! Small fry!" the boy sneered, laughing. The girl tried jumping up to get her book, but the boy continued to hold it out of her reach. Papyrus frowned at this and walked out from behind his counter.

"Please, give it back! Mr. Papyrus helped me buy that!" the girl said desperately.

"Pfft, that skeleton? Please, my mom says that monsters should turn to _dust_," the boy laughed. "You're a freak for thinking that he's your friend."

"EXCUSE ME YOUNG HUMAN! I DON'T THINK THAT BOOK IS YOURS!"

The boy paled and slowly turned to see Papyrus looking down at him. "So? You're just a weak skeleton! Not like you canâ€¦!"

SWIPE!

"HERE YOU GO SMALL HUMAN!" Papyrus said, handing over the book. The boy looked at his hand and noticed the book was gone. "I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS! I THOUGHT ALL HUMANS WERE NICE!"

"It's ok Mr. Papyrus," the girl said sweetly.

"Pfft," the boy huffed. "This doesn't mean this skeleton is your friend. He's probably waiting for the right time to kill us all."

"ON THE CONTRARY, THIS YOUNG HUMAN REMINDS ME OF MY HUMAN BEST FRIEND FRISK! SHE'S RIGHT OVER THERE!" Papyrus said, pointing over to Frisk, who had about twenty-nine books balanced on her head. "THIS HUMAN IS INDEED MY FRIEND! IF SHE FEELS THE SAME, OF COURSE!"

"Of course Mr. Papyrus. You helped me," the little girl said.

"SEE OTHER HUMAN? SHE'S MY FRIEND! AND I AM HERS!"

"Pfft, whatever," the boy said and walked off. Papyrus nodded and smiled at the girl, who smiled back at him.

"Thanks Mr. Papyrus," the girl said sweetly.

"ANYTHING FOR MY HUMAN FRIEND!" Papyrus smiled.

"Excuse me," someone said behind him.

"ONE MOMENT YOUNG HUMAN! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS NEEDED!" Papyrus said, turning around. Standing there was the same human woman from before, the one the little girl talked to. She had really white blonde hair, a little bit covering her eye. She had pale skin and green eyes. She gave Papyrus a light smile.

"Hiâ€| are you Papyrus? Not to disturb you, or anything," the woman asked.

"YES, I AM INDEED THE GREAT PAPYRUS! HOW MAY I HELP YOU TODAY?" Papyrus asked.

"Umâ€| well, I saw you help out my daughter earlierâ€| and I want to thank you," the woman said. "My little girlâ€| she's not treated well by a lot of peopleâ€| so thank you for showing her kindness."

"IT WAS NO TROUBLE AT ALL!" Papyrus said. "SHE'S A SWEET HUMAN!"

"Yeahâ€| sometimes thoughâ€| I wish she had a better mother," the woman said. "I love my little girlâ€| but she's learning habits from me that will make her a target when she's olderâ€|"

Papyrus cocked his head. "REALLY? SHE SEEMS LIKE A GREAT LITTLE GIRL TO ME! AND YOU SEEM LIKE A GOOD MOTHER!" Papyrus said.

The woman blushed. "Thanksâ€| but I don't think so. I hope she grows up normalâ€| but it's hard without her fatherâ€|"

Papyrus thought about that for a moment. "DID HE LEAVE?" Papyrus asked.

"Yeahâ€| serves me rightâ€| I'm just garbageâ€|" the woman grumbled.

"NO, I DON'T THINK SO!" Papyrus said. "MY FATHERâ€| HE LEFT MY BROTHER AND I WHEN I WAS A LITTLE SKELETON! SANS NEVER REALLY TOLD ME WHY HE LEFT US, BUT I KNEW SOMETHING HAPPENED! MY MOTHERâ€| USED TO BE THE HEAD OF THE ROYAL GUARD! SHE WAS KILLED WHEN I WAS LITTLEâ€| KIND OF WHY I WANTED TO BECOME A PART OF IT! I WAS MOSTLY RAISED BY MY BROTHER, AND EVEN THOUGH I DON'T TELL HIM THIS OFTEN, HE'S THE ONE WHO HELPED ME GET WHERE I AM! SANS MIGHT NOT MAKE THE SAME CHOICES I DO, BUT HE'S NOT GARBAGE! NEITHER ARE MY PARENTS! I LOOK UP TO ALL THREE OF THEM! I'M SURE YOU'RE LITTLE GIRL LOOKS UP TO YOU TOO!"

The woman looked up to Papyrusâ€| and a small smile appeared on her face. "Thank you Papyrusâ€| my daughter looks up to youâ€| thank you for being her friend," the woman said.

"OF COURSE!" Papyrus said, then thought of something. "SAYâ€| DO YOU GET A DAILY PAPER?"

"Yeahâ€| why?"

"I DO A PAPER ROUTE ON NORMAL DAYS! PERHAPS, IF I GET YOUR HOUSE, I CAN STOP BY AND DELIVER THE PAPER PERSONALLY! SAY HI TOâ€¦ THE YOUNG HUMAN!"

The woman nodded, her smile still on her face, much to her own surprise. "Yeahâ€¦ if you want toâ€¦ not that we're a special familyâ€¦"

"EVERYONE IS SPECIAL! YOU JUST HAVE TO FIND WHAT'S SPECIAL ABOUT YOURSELF AND HOLD ONTO IT!" Papyrus said.

"Okâ€¦ I'll tryâ€¦ here's my address," the woman said, pulling out a sheet of paper and a pen. She wrote down her address and phone number and gave it to Papyrus. "Thank you againâ€¦ for looking after Puff. She'sâ€¦ she's the only thing I cherish in this world."

Papyrus smiled. "SHE'S A SMALL HUMAN WHO NEEDED A FRIEND! WHY WOULDN'T I HELP HER?" Papyrus said. "OH, BY THE WAY, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"Me? Ohâ€¦ I'm Cat. Cat Blook," the woman said. "Thanks again Papyrusâ€¦"

"SURE!" Papyrus said.

"Alright, time to go! Everyone follow your chaperone!" Linda said. Cat nodded to Papyrus, went over to Puff, and started to leave. Right before they left, Linda sneered at Papyrus. "Stay away from humans, you filth. You're probably no better than your brother."

"HE MAY BE A LAZY BONESâ€¦ BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M NOT BETTER THAN MY BROTHER!" Papyrus said. "HE'S PROBABLY BETTER THAN ME!"

"Ughâ€¦ one of these days, you'll be forced back where you came from," Linda grumbled.

"HEAVEN? I HERE IT'S LOVELY THIS TIME OF YEAR!" Papyrus said innocently.

"URGH!" Linda said angrily and left the store.

Frisk and Dream went for the door and stopped next to Papyrus. 'Thanks for helping us Papyrus!' Frisk signed. 'You have a fun day?'

"YES I DID FRISK!" Papyrus smiled, signing for Dream. "SAYâ€¦ DO YOU KNOW THAT YOUNG GIRL HUMAN? PUFF BLOOK?"

"Kind of. She keeps to herself a lot," Dream said. "I normally see her by the dumpsters and doesn't really have a lot of friends. I don't share the same class with her since Frisk and I are 'special'."

"I SEE! PERHAPS YOU TWO CAN LOOK AFTER HER FOR ME!" Papyrus said. "LET ME KNOW IF SHE'S DOING OK!"

'Of course Papyrus! Anything for my uncle!' Frisk said, silently giggling as she and Dream left the store. Papyrus smiled after him and returned to the counter.

(York's Stand)

After the owner released Papyrus (and thanked him for volunteering), Papyrus walked back across the street to York. York smiled at Papyrus as he approached him. "I see you made it out of there alive," York chuckled.

"JUST A FEW KIDS! NOTHING THE GREAT PAPYRUS CAN'T HANDLE!" Papyrus said proudly.

"I'm quite honestly impressed. I could never be able to handle kids," York said. "I mean, sure, I had some of my own, but a group of them all at once? Nah, not my type of job."

"WELL, AT HOME, I LIVE WITH A LITTLE GIRL! I'VE GOTTEN USED TO LITTLE HUMANS AND THEY BRIGHTEN MY DAY!" Papyrus said. "ANY LAST MINUTE PAPERS YOU NEED ME TO RUN?"

York laughed, shaking his head. "You sure are something Papyrus," York said. "I'm good here. Go spend time with your family. Take it from me, spend time with your family as much as you can. You'll never know when they'll be gone."

Papyrus smiled. "OK YORK! TOMORROW AS USUAL?" Papyrus asked.

"I look forward to it every day," York smiled.

(Home)

Papyrus soon made his way home and walked inside. He was not surprised to see Sans laying on the couch, lazing around. Papyrus rolled his eyes as he walked past his brother. "LAZY BONES!" Papyrus said.

"Don't be so _stiff_," Sans chuckled. "Good day?"

"ACTUALLY, YES! I MET YOUNG FRISK'S FRIEND! SHE'S A GOOD ONE!" Papyrus said. "I ALSO MET ANOTHER HUMAN TODAY! A YOUNG HUMAN, LIKE FRISK, BUT ALSO A YOUNG WOMAN! THEY WEREâ€¦ INTERESTING PEOPLE SANS!"

"Oh? Did it speak to your _feminine _side?"

"WE BOTH KNOW THAT PUN SUCKED!"

"Yeah, that was a bad one."

"BUTâ€¦ I NOTICED SOMETHING SANS! WHEN I WAS TALKING TO THE WOMAN, SHE TOLD ME HOW MUCH HER DAUGHTER MEANT TO HER! IT MADE ME THINK SANSâ€¦ DID DAD LOVE US?"

Sans blinked in surprise at the question. He was quiet for a little bit. Finally, Sans said, "Yes Pap. He did. I can't tell you why he left, butâ€¦ he really did love us."

Papyrus nodded. "I FIGURED AS MUCH! THANKS SANS!" Papyrus said, turning toward the basement.

"Hey Pap," Sans said, stopping Papyrus in his tracks. "I know they weren't there for us. But if it means anythingâ€¦ I care about you

bro. And I know that they are too."

"THANKS SANS! SOMETIMESâ€¦ I NEED TO HEAR THAT FROM YOU!" Papyrus says. "ANDâ€¦ I WON'T ADMIT THIS TO ANYONEâ€¦ I LOOK UP TO YOU SANS! I COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER BROTHER!"

Papyrus turned and made his way down in the basement. Sans looked after him until he disappeared. _Huhâ€¦ I guess Flowey was wrong about something else. I care about Pap. And nothing will make me stop caring for him._

(Flowey's Room)

"Well, what a surprise," Flowey said when Papyrus walked in. "What made you decide to come see the murder crazy flower?"

"I MISSED YOU A BIT!" Papyrus said simply, sitting in the chair. "AND YOU ARE MY FRIEND! I THOUGHT I SHOULD COME VISIT YOU!"

"That's nice. You're too innocent Papyrus. Let me show you what real life is like sometime. That innocence is going to get you into trouble," Flowey said.

"PERHAPS, BUT I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, DID NOT COME DOWN HERE FOR REAL LIFE TIPS!" Papyrus declared. "I WAS JUST STOPPING BY TO SAY HELLO AND TO THANK YOU!"

Flowey frowned a little. "Thank me? What did I do to ever help you?" Flowey asked.

"I MET A WOMAN TODAY! NICE LADY! SHE KEPT TELLING ME HOW MUCH SHE WAS LOOKED DOWN UPON BY OTHERS AND DIDN'T WANT HER DAUGHTER TO BE SEEN THAT WAY AS WELL!" Papyrus said. "SHE KIND OF REMINDED ME OF YOU!"

Flowey blinked. "Huh?" he asked.

"YOU DID BAD THINGS FLOWEY! I KNOW THAT YOU AREN'T PROUD OF THEM, SOMEWHERE IN YOUR SOUL!" Papyrus said. "SHE REMINDED ME OF WHERE YOU ARE! YOU'RE IN THAT ROOM BECAUSE YOU WANT TO PROTECT YOUR FRIENDS, EVEN IF YOU DON'T LIKE SAYING WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS! KNOWING YOU HELPED ME HELP HER! SO THANK YOU FLOWEY FOR BEING MY PAL!"

Flowey blinked a few times. "You'reâ€¦ welcome," he said.

"NOW, I BET IT'S TIME TO HAVE MY DAILY DOSE OF EVENING SPAGHETTI!" Papyrus said, standing up. "NYEH HEH HEH! MAYBE I'LL SAVE YOU SOME!"

"No thanks Papyrus," Flowey said, already have heard from Frisk how bad his spaghetti was. "I'm good."

"REALLY? YOU'D LEAVE IT ALL FOR ME?" Papyrus said. "WOWIE! THANKS FLOWEY!"

Papyrus quickly left the room, leaving Flowey alone. Flowey thought to himself for a few seconds. _Huhâ€¦ Papyrus thinks I _have _a soul. Idiot. That fool is far too innocent for his own good. Stillâ€¦ he appreciates me, even if the reason is complete idiocy. Maybeâ€¦ no! I can't use him! Butâ€¦_

â€|_he's stupid enough to fall for it._

****BN:** Not the longest chapter, but this one wasn't really meant to be a long one. The fact I almost met my quota was a surprise. Papyrus is a skeleton of many words, but I felt that he really was the hero of Undertale. Not just because he was funny, but because of how much of a friend he is to most of the main character. This episode, I wanted to show how kind Papyrus was. He volunteers without pay and he does it every day with a smile on his face. I feel as though if someone close needed a favor, Papyrus would do it, no strings attached.**

****I** also wanted to introduce Cat and Puff Blook. You'll be seeing Puff a bit more in the Frisk episodes and Cat a few more times as well. While Papyrus is great with his friends, I also feel as though he's super good at making friends by just being himself. I feel as though I needed someone Papyrus could build up and be there for someone, kind of like how Undyne was there for Papyrus. I hope you guys like where I'm going not only with Papyrus, but this story in general.**

****Like? Hate? Meh? Let me know via review!****

****Next Time:** ****Alphys** and **Undyne** go to Japan and fill in Asgore about their findings. Undyne learns a few things about human historyâ€| and Alphys finds a big-a sword. Hmmmâ€| maybe those two should be reversedâ€| (Alphys and Undyne Episode)

End
file.